MARCH 31, 1979 ONE DOLLAR

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Saturday Review

SMUGGLED!

How the World's Most Expensive Statue Was Sneaked out of Italy and Ended up in the J. Paul Getty Museum at Malibu, California.

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King Coal Makes a Comeback

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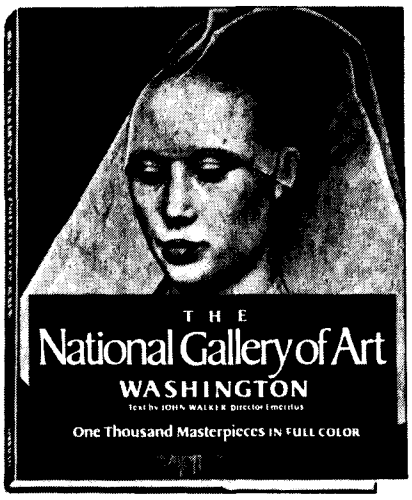

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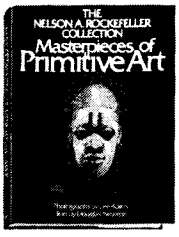

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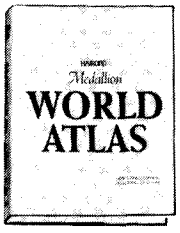

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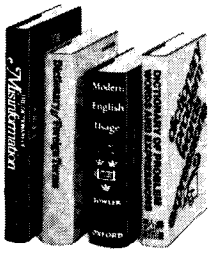

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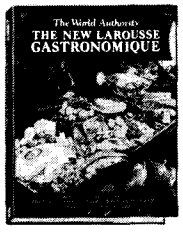

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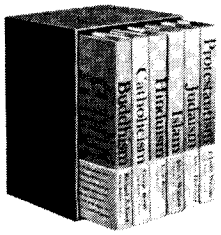

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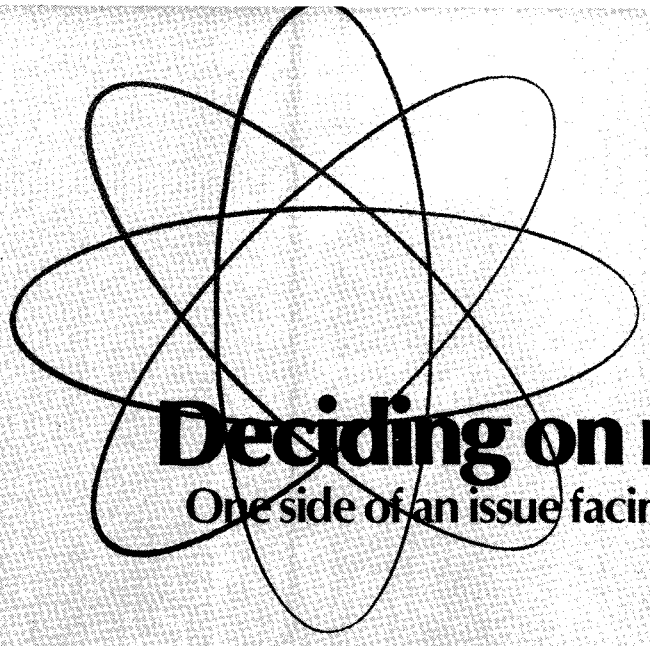

Deciding on nuclear energy.

One side of an issue facing the electric power industry.

Nuclear power is not the energy form of the future. It is very much a part of the present. And important national decisions must be made if it is to continue to make its contribution to energy supply.

Nuclear plants have been generating electricity commercially in the U.S. since 1957. Today, 71 plants provide 12% of this country's electricity—about as much as we get from hydro-electric dams, more than *all* electric power generated in the country in 1946. In some areas, most of the electricity people use is nuclear. 95 more nuclear stations are now under construction. The number of countries with nuclear power programs is now 53.

A clean record

Nuclear generation of electricity has grown because of its safety, reliability and economy. No other industry started with a greater appreciation of potential hazards. None is operated under more stringent occupational and environmental safeguards.

The American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recently reported that, among the principal fuels available for electricity production over the next 25 years, nuclear power has the lowest adverse impact on health.

The near future

Nuclear power makes economic sense in meeting growing energy demands and in reducing the nation's dependence on oil and gas.

Unless we try to rely entirely on coal production for generation, or to shut down the economy until forms like solar power prove affordable, nuclear power will become increasingly important to the near-term well-being of the country.

Nuclear policy

The electric utility industry agrees with the many expert opinions that ultimate disposal of radioactive wastes presents no insurmountable technical problems. Several acceptable methods are available.

But failure of the federal government to implement available nuclear waste disposal technology is being mistakenly seen as an indication that the nuclear waste issue cannot be resolved.

Recently, we urged the Administration to take advantage of extensive, existing technical and scientific knowledge and to implement a program on a rigid schedule to provide a spent-fuel storage facility and a waste repository at the earliest practical time. These steps are necessary to assure the continued operation of nuclear power plants, to minimize the uncertainty that has been slowing down commitments for future nuclear plants in this country, and to separate the waste disposal issue from the licensing of new power plants.

Congress has divided responsibility for the national waste management program among several agencies of the federal government. The Department of Energy, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Environmental Protection Agency have elements of responsibility.

Now, Congress must provide additional effective legislative guidance for the waste management and spent-fuel storage programs.

The long run

Opinion polls repeatedly show that majorities of the American people support the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. Where nuclear plants are in operation, the percentages are even higher.

If we are to be able to take advantage of the economic and energy-supply opportunities presented by nuclear energy, both in the near term and the long term, the federal government will need to take responsible action today.

If you would like to read more about nuclear energy as a source of electricity or learn more about the management of high-level radioactive wastes and spent fuel, write to us: Edison Electric Institute, 90 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016. We will be glad to send you more information.

Edison Electric Institute

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

Readers on Regulation

Considering *SR*'s well-deserved reputation for integrity and broad-mindedness, the bias of your issue on over-regulation [January 20] is doubly to be deplored.

There are glimmers of objectivity in parts of "Arsenic and Old Factories" and two or three of the experts polled. But these are virtually lost in the shuffle.

We expect that politicians will look at the problem from the standpoint of that segment of the electorate they consider most vital to their own causes. We expect that bankers, corporation presidents, and the Brookings Institution will be concerned with costs, profits, and what they call economic progress.

But *SR*? We do not expect a statistical study that "connects as many as 20 percent of all cancer deaths to occupational exposures" to be buried without comment on page 41.

Edgar Schenkman
Central, South Carolina

The irresponsibility of corporate America when faced with what it perceives as a "specter" of government regulation was never more evident than in the distortions presented as advertisement by the Mobil Corporation in *SR*'s January 20 issue. Mobil seems to feel that by perverting the public's perception of the political spectrum, encouraging crass materialism, downgrading spiritual values, and denigrating those who create non-material goods and services, such as intellectuals, journalists, etc., it can work its will on the American people regardless of the long-term consequences of its plunder.

Mark Derderian
Campbell, California

In Robert Crandall's excellent article, "Is Government Regulation Crippling Business?" (January 20), he correctly points out that if the public were aware of the true cost of regulation, it might well choose to accept somewhat more pollution in return for greater prosperity. Clean air and water, however, are part of an individual's property rights. Forcing people to accept an increase in the level of pollution is therefore a kind of invisible tax. The principle that nobody may be deprived of his property without compensation is part of the Constitution and is a fundamental part of the free-enterprise system in the U.S.

Chris Pearson
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Human Rights and the IMF

The International Monetary Fund described by Ron Chernow ["The IMF: Roughest Bank in Town," February 3] is a prime example of a Washington institution that has entirely escaped the public's control. Those disturbed enough by Mr. Chernow's facts to be moved to action will probably find many members of Congress sympathetic to their views. Last year a bill that sought to sensitize the IMF to human rights passed the House and only failed in a last-minute House-Senate conference committee. The same bill will be offered this year when the IMF comes back for another 1.1 billion. Now is not too soon to remind legislators that no institution is a sacred cow, and no institution that penalizes the poor for other people's mistakes is worthy of U.S. taxpayer support.

Jim Morrell
Center for International Policy
Washington, D.C.

Outraged Evangelists?

May John Mariani ["Television Evangelism: Milking the Flock," February 3] be filled with the Holy Spirit and one day realize that Sunday morning is church time and not "ghetto hours."

Religion can't exist without money in a moneyed society. During these inflationary times, the dollar indeed is almighty. If such programs are milking the flock, praise the Lord for an audience tuned into religion. Just think, God is threatening the ratings of situation comedies, violence, and sex!

Alberta Dodson
Marengo, Illinois

We Christians seem to be drawing a lot of fire these days, with the latest missile spewing forth from the typewriter of John Mariani.

I'd like to remind Mr. Mariani that Jesus didn't come to earth in a three-piece Botany 500 worsted suit to judge the Academy Award competition for the most tasteful altar flower arrangement. He came to offer us His Self in exchange for our own. Meeting Him is an experience of such deep joy that such social niceties as taste and dignity somehow don't seem quite so important anymore. The Resurrection, after all, was not a white-gloves White House reception.

Gail Wells
Auburn, Washington

Many of the electronic evangelists Mariani mentions have mastered the art of milking people in retirement homes. I have had calls from several people telling me that their parents are buying $200 worth of Bibles a week. It becomes quite a storage problem for some of the nursing homes. I have checked the credentials of some of these TV entrepreneurs in *Who's Who in America* and find that most of them have Mickey Mouse doctorates.

Thank you for a fine article.

Harold A. MacNeill
Pastor
United Church of Lake San Marcos
San Marcos, California

A Gay Outlook

Thank you for a very clear and forthright analysis of the Seattle victory as given in Roger M. Williams's article, "Turning the Tide on Gay Rights" [February 17].

As one who witnessed the city council debacle concerning this issue here in New York last November, I was heartened to study an analysis of one city's successful campaign.

L.E. Farrell
Chelsea Gay Association
New York, New York

Hypnosis as Weapon

John Marks's article, "Sex, Drugs, and the CIA" [February 3] leaves out one word that is the single most vital component of achieving mind-control: hypnosis. Drugs and sex alone do not make subjects into unwitting robots. Combined to remove conscious resistance, as the prelude to expert hypno-programming, they can, indeed, produce a real life "Manchurian Candidate."

Jonn G. Christian
William W. Turner
Beverly Hills, California

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Answers to March 17 Puzzles

WIT TWISTER No. 138
wreathe, whereat, weather

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 126
Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done as the fear of the consequences.

—La Rochefoucauld

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 167

RICHARD DE COMBRAY: CARAVANSARY

At the hour of the muezzin's chant, you can see, in the shop windows..., a dozen television screens tuned to the local station. The studio muezzin recites to the assembled...shoppers duodecimally, surrounded by digital computers and stereo sets.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 127

CDEBS REEVB YDS GWS BWEN

LEPB Z RDSSL YAL BSFF

GE BHCCEDG JK TYG.

—DERSDG PDYMSB

WIT TWISTER No. 139
The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of candles
dazzle his poor eyes;
This solemn service___ ___ ___ ___ ___
each failing limb.
The old priest___ ___ ___ ___ ___ and,
kneeling, cannot rise.
The___ ___ ___ ___ ___ continue.
Would they were for him!

A. S.

Answers next issue

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The Wide World of Tax Cuts

Though America may be unique in its blessings, the same cannot be said of its tribulations. Even our tax-cutting fever, or distemper, has its mirror image—in the unlikeliest of nations, the welfare state of Denmark. There, amid all the benefits that taxation can confer, a violently anti-tax group, led by tax lawyer Mogens Glistrup, has become the second largest party.

The Danish Howard Jarvis startled the nation seven years ago when he mentioned on a talk show that he had never paid income tax. Inundated with clients (a large number of whom wound up in tax court, or bankruptcy), he realized the popularity of his message and started up the Progress Party.

Glistrup's platform sounds like that of our own New Right: slash income taxes drastically, and shift the burden of support for social and cultural programs from public to private sources. Glistrup also advocates deep cuts in Denmark's generous grants to developing nations. As if this program didn't sound familiar enough, the Progress Party's support has come largely from small businessmen, pensioners, and conservative elements of the middle class.

With his explicit threat of dismantling the country's highly protective welfare society, Glistrup has been anathematized by every party save his own. His bumptious politics—the Party's cultural spokesman is the Danish equivalent of a hillbilly—has provoked a combination of mockery and embarrassment among his numerous enemies.

Glistrup hasn't had any palpable effect on Denmark's tax laws yet, and may soon lose his chance to change them. Accused of tax fraud in 1974 and stripped of his parliamentary immunity, the lawyer has managed to stave off a conviction so far, but should he ultimately lose the case, his party is expected to fall with him. Even in this eventuality, however, he will leave a troubled and divided Denmark behind him.

The Devil's Playground

With strife-torn Iran before them as an example of the perils of rapid modernization, Saudi Arabia has taken a major step backwards from the fearful broil of the 20th century: It has banned foosball. The addictive table sport, in which figurines suspended from movable rods bat a ball back and forth across a table, was arraigned by the Permanent Committee for Religious Studies on three counts of moral depravity. First, it constitutes a form of gambling, since the loser pays for the game. Second, it tends to cause players to neglect many of their religious interests. Finally, most damaging of all, the owning of statues and pictures—the miniature figures of the soccer players—constitutes idolatry, a cardinal sin in Islam.

What's the Matter With Kids Today?

A certain dullness of spirit has always served as one of the indisputable aids to high-school scholastic success. Everyone remembers those textbook-devouring civic-minded bores invariably selected to police study sessions. Hardy perennials they seem to be; and so they are. A nationwide poll conducted among 21,000 juniors and seniors appearing in the new (1978) edition of *Who's Who of American High School Students*—a notorious haven for goodie-goodies—reveals a perversely docile pattern of behavior among the future leaders of America:

- 50 percent have never had an alcoholic drink; 63 percent have never tried hard liquor.
- 98 percent have never tried marijuana (are the future leaders fudging here?), though 54 percent socialize with those who indulge.
- 70 percent are virgins, 60 percent intend to remain so until marriage, 54 percent would not live with someone prior to marriage (which leaves 6 percent in the excruciating condition of sleeping in twin beds before marriage).
- 53 percent of these young intellectuals get most of their news from television.

Parents of these postadolescent paragons are advised to withhold them from college, where they will invariably be quartered with a Malibu beach bum who will exchange shots of tequila for answers on the biology exam.

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The Disease That Won't Die

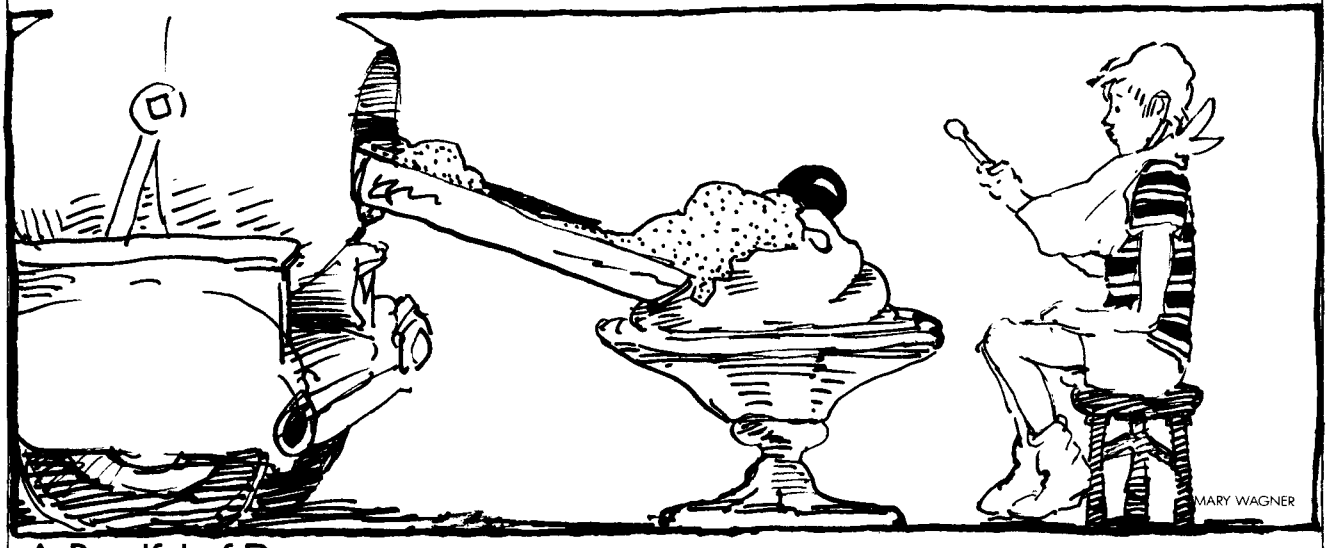
While medical science is kicking smallpox out the front door (Front Runners, November 11, 1978), malaria has come creeping in the rear. Incidence of the disease has zoomed in the past decade. India, for example, reported a low of 40,000 cases in 1966; there were 1.4 million in 1970 and 6 million in 1976. In Turkey the number of cases soared from 2,877 in 1974 to 115,385 in 1977. And in the United States, where all malaria is brought back by travelers, incidence tripled to 466 between 1970 and 1977.

As with many pest-control problems, the difficulty is rooted largely in genetics. Health officials have tried to rout the malaria-bearing Anopheles mosquito with immense doses of insecticide, the notorious DDT foremost among them. However, any organism that breeds as rapidly as the mosquito is bound to produce an occasional mutant capable of resisting the poison. Which is precisely what the accursed Anopheles has done. The parasite itself has produced some strains immune to chloroquin, the substance used by travelers to malarial countries. A further complication is that irrigation pools, with their stagnant water, have proved a fertile breeding ground for the mosquito larvae.

What health officials fear most of all is the accidental combination of an immune parasite with an immune mosquito, an event that could lead to an epidemic of terrible proportions. Nothing more than the laws of chance stand in the way, and a recent report by the United Nations Environmental Program termed such a coincidence "very likely."

Visions of a new black plague, fortunately, are premature. Medical scientists have devised a series of "bio-environmental" solutions to the problem. One of the most successful has been developed by the Chinese, who have been stocking ponds, canals, and paddy fields with two edible fish, carp and amur. The herbivorous amur eats away vegetation, exposing mosquito larvae to the depredations of waves and wind, sunlight and such predators as carp.

Still, these methods of combat are a long way from universal deployment, and the immediate outlook, officials concede, is a gloomy one.



A Roadful of Dust

Though it's no longer fashionable to believe that technological legerdemain can extricate us from the mess that it got us into in the first place, cheerful bits of news have been popping up lately. The advent of recycling suggests that we may not, in fact, drown in our own wastes. One of the more enterprising examples is a small company that has just cornered the market on cement kiln dust (CKD). The firm plans to use this residuum of the cement-manufacturing process in road construction, fertilizer, and even coal scrubbing.

N-Viro Energy Systems, Inc. (NESI) of Toledo, Ohio, has signed 17-year contracts with three major cement manufacturers to manage and market all of their available kiln dust, 10 million choking tons of which piles up every year.

NESI's plans are not merely to keep CKD off—or in—the streets. One of the principal uses planned for the waste product is as a substitute for asphalt in the building of roads. Since a major component of asphalt is oil, the use of cement kiln dust could save as much as 40 million barrels of oil annually, according to NESI officials. Besides all that, N-Viro Crete, as it's called, costs one-third less than asphalt base.

Nor are these CKD's only wonders. When used in the new fluidized bed system of coal cleaning (see "King Coal Makes a Comeback," page 13), CKD absorbs noxious sulphur dioxide gas effectively and cheaply. Last but not least, CKD can serve as a soil neutralizer, thus replacing limestone and some varieties of potash in blends with other fertilizers.

It also tastes great over ice cream.

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Half-Baked Etymology

TONY RANDALL doesn't know he's ever spoken to me, but back in about 1956 or '57 we were showering after a workout at the Gotham Health Club in New York City. We'd never met, but I told him I had enjoyed his performance in *Inherit the Wind*, and he said, "Thank you." Our acquaintance did not progress beyond that point, but over the years I've admired him as an actor, as an authority on grand opera, and as a logophile—a lover of words. Like most logophiles, Tony Randall is apparently a sucker for a juicy bit of folk etymology.

For this item, I'm grateful to S.J. Tress, whom I've mentioned before. You may remember that S.J. Tress is a retired English teacher who I think must have been excellent while she was still active and who evidently continues to get pleasure out of teaching. Her former students still phone her to discuss matters pertaining to the language, and she enjoys sending me instruction by mail when I need it.

Recently, S.J. Tress wrote to ask me if I knew the derivation of the word *pumpernickel*, and she added, "Tony Randall, the movie actor, knows the origin." I didn't, so I turned to my dictionaries. The only dictionary I own that gives an origin for *pumpernickel* is *Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition*, which is generally very good on etymology. What WNWD says is that the word was originally pejorative, coming from "*pumpern*, to break wind + *Nickel*, a goblin."

I replied to S.J. Tress, saying that *pumpernickel* seems to be etymologically similar to the French *pet-de-nonne*, except that the nun is replaced by a goblin. (For those who are not familiar with pets-de-nonne, they are light fritters, also called *beignets soufflés*.)

S.J. Tress had a different derivation in mind. She wrote back, "Re the origin of 'pumpernickel,' the source was my aged French professor, corroborated by all the Frenchmen of France (when I was there) that Napoleon was the first to use the term, but not in the present form. Napoleon and his army were on their march through Europe, and the emperor, astride his horse, named Nicole, arrived in Germany. Tired and hungry, he asked for food. He was handed the coarse, brown bread of the Germans, so different from that of his beloved France that in disgust he gave it to his horse, saying ... that that bread was 'bon pour Nicole' and not fit for humans. And usage has dissolved 'bon pour Nicole' into 'pumpernickel.'"

That is such a delightful tale that I hate to expose it, but truth must out, I think, so I am forced to reveal that the *Oxford English Dictionary* gives a citation for *pumpernickel* from 1663, which was well over a century before Nicole was foaled.

How did S.J. Tress and all those Frenchmen and Tony Randall get the idea that *pumpernickel* was derived from *bon pour Nicole*? Further research revealed the story: It originated in Germany in 1806 with a soldier in Napoleon's army—a Corporal Nicolas Chauvin, whose name was to become synonymous with *superpatriot* and, about 170 years later, would somehow come to refer to the sort of man who whistles at pretty girls.

Chauvin went into a *boulangerie* and asked for a loaf of "ce pain noir." The German baker, who spoke no French, asked, "Pumpernickel?" pointing to the dark loaf. Chauvin replied, "Bon pour Nicole?" and the baker said, "Ja. Pumpernickel."

Chauvin left with the bread, chuckling in chauvinistic delight. He handed the loaf to one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, saying, "Vive l'empereur! Le boulanger dit que ce pain est bon pour Nicole." The aide-de-camp laughed heartily at that, repeating, "Bon pour Nicole!" Then he added, "Vive Nicole!" Soon, Napoleon himself was laughing at the bread they called *bon pour Nicole*, and many of his officers and men were having a chauvinistic binge, buying loaves of the German bread just to sneer at it as they laughed at its name.

Naturally, the Germans thought the French were simply saying *pumpernickel* with a French accent, and they assumed that the laughter was caused by the mental image of flatulent goblins—something the Germans hadn't laughed at in years.

Laughter is contagious, and the Germans joined in what they took to be the coarse hilarity inherent in their word.

So it was that, in the midst of war, the French and the Germans had a good laugh together. It was a most unusual moment in history, but perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the entire bizarre story is that to this day, presumably, 50 million Frenchmen and Tony Randall don't know that, although the French and Germans seemed to be sharing a joke, in fact they were laughing at entirely different things.

—Thomas H. Middleton

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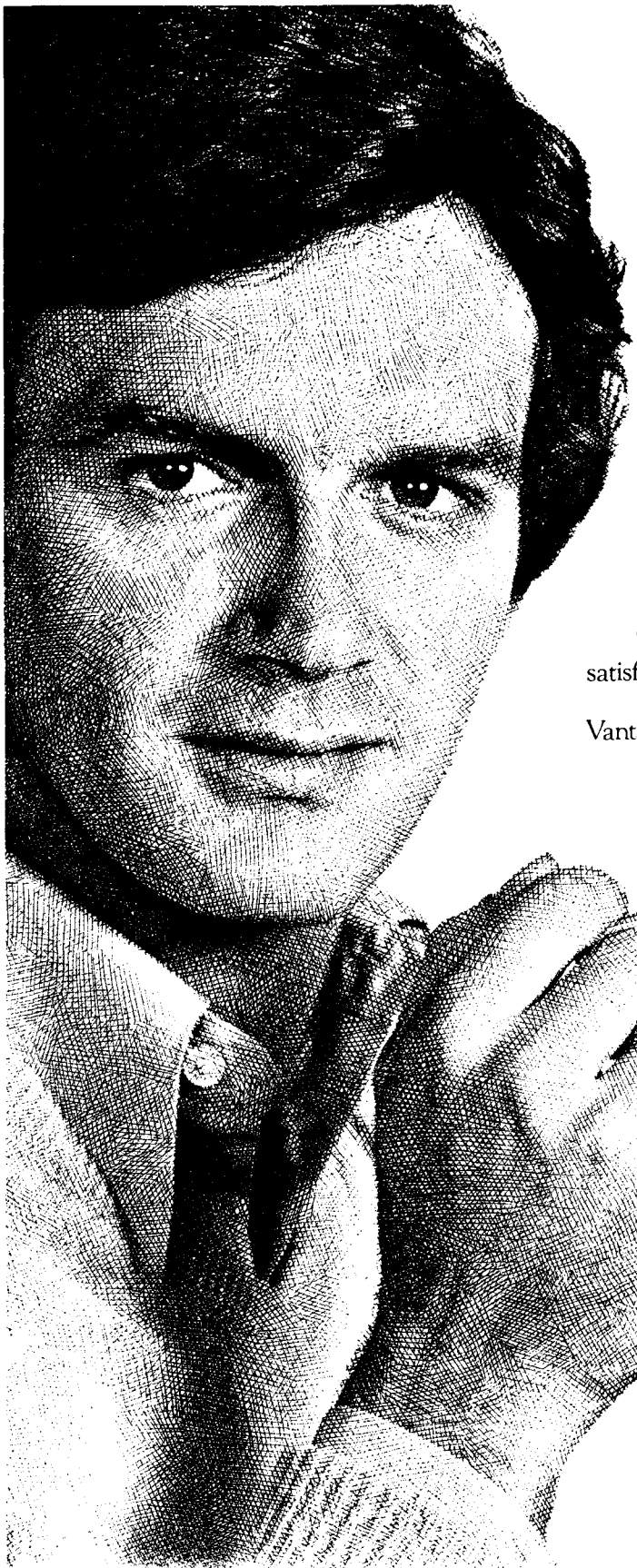

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"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

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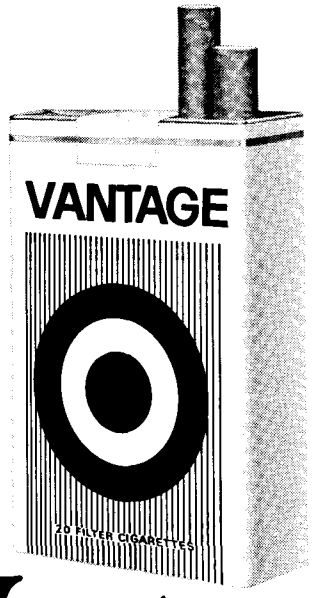
"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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TOP OF MY HEAD

Steal This Book

DON'T EVER LEND May Singer a book. She'll never return it. Or if you are planning to move from your apartment to another home, and May Singer volunteers to come help you pack, don't let her. She'll pillage you out of home and library, packing and taking with her whatever book she fancies back to Oklahoma City, where she lives in her lovely apartment nestled in the shade of a towering oil derrick, cozily sheltered by a 22 percent depletion allowance.

May Singer is my sister, two years my junior. She is endowed by nature with all the social graces. But when it comes to grabbing off a free book, it's "neither a lender nor a buyer be" all the way. In a long-distance phone call to May, I asked her to return at least the one book I most dearly treasured—*84, Charing Cross Road*—because I had been told it was out of print. She swore she didn't swipe it, but she confessed that she had read it the night before she went back to Oklahoma City. She could have. It's a small book, but what a gem. "You might have given it to Sally," she said.

Well, here we go again. Sally is Sally Glass, my other sister. She lives in Kansas City, Missouri, and is more volatile than May, with little respect for any brother eight years older than she. On the phone, Sally said, "Listen. You didn't give me the book, May did. It's the most darling book I've ever read and if you think I'm going to send you this book, now out of print, you're out of your skull. No way. This book goes when I go. Bang!" When Sally hangs up in a huff, she verbalizes her own sound effects.

If you happen to be one of the unfortunates who haven't yet experienced the soft joy and heartthrobs of reading *84, Charing Cross Road* (the comma after 84 is theirs, not mine), allow me to explain that it is the address of a little bookshop in London. When, in 1949, the shop advertised in the *Saturday Review of Literature* that it could obtain rare, out-of-print books, Helene Hanff answered the ad, saying, "Gentlemen: I am a poor writer with an antiquarian taste in books .... I enclose a list of my pressing problems. If you have clean secondhand copies of the books on the list, for not more than $5 each, consider this a purchase order and send them to me."

That was the start of a 20-year transatlantic love affair by mail. Happily for us, Miss Hanff saved old love letters, and 20 years later in 1970 they were published in a book that I don't have. But my sister in Kansas City has one until she goes. Do you want to hear something eerie? It has been almost 10 years since I read it, and there still lingers with me the sweet scent of crushed rose petals between its pages.

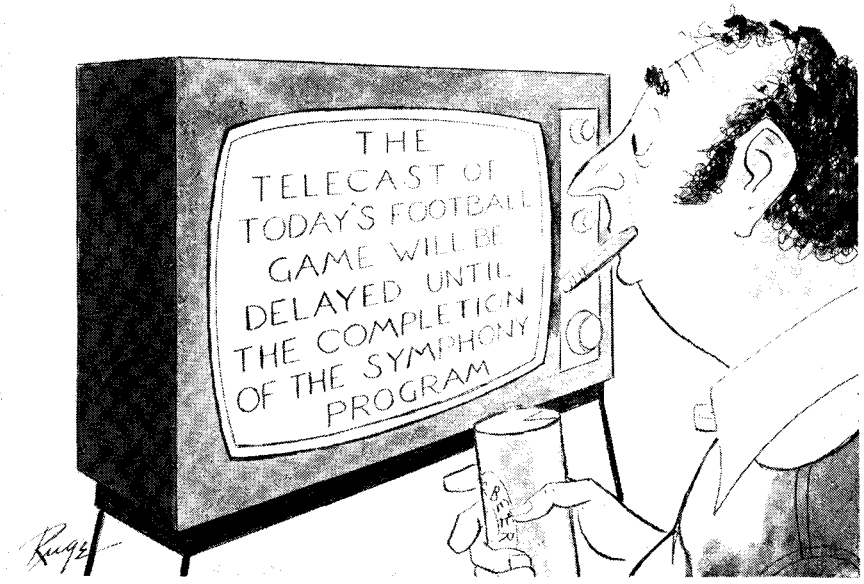
No one could describe a book with more tenderness and modesty than Helene Hanff. After receiving Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University*, she wrote: "I keep it on the table with me all day, every now and then I stop typing and reach over and touch it.... I feel vaguely guilty about owning it. All that gleaming leather and gold stamping and beautiful type belongs in the pine-panelled library of an English home; it wants to be read by the fire in a gentleman's leather easy chair—not on a secondhand studio couch in a one-room hovel in a broken-down brownstone front."

Meanwhile, from Oklahoma City there comes a letter from May Singer. She happily announces she has discovered a little bookshop in town at 115 (no comma) South Hudson Street, operated by an elderly gentleman, James Neill Northe (the "e" in "Northe" is his, not mine). He specializes in finding out-of-print books, and May now has a beautiful hard-cover copy of *84, Charing Cross Road*. I phoned her to say thanks and send it immediately. She said, "Fat chance."

So, abandoned by two ex-sisters, I took a long shot—and there she was in the phone book. "Is this Miss Hanff?" I asked. "Who's calling?" she asked. "This is Goodman Ace," I replied. "Oh my God," she exclaimed. "No," I said, "that's George Burns." She laughed, and we chatted. I mentioned I was having difficulty finding a copy of *Charing Cross Road*. She directed me to the Doubleday Bookshop at 53rd and Fifth Avenue. There, on the second floor, I found three copies. The book, I discovered, was republished by the Viking Press in 1971 and is now readily available. I ordered more. They were $2.50 a copy, and would make a perfect present. What better gift could you find in a department store for $2.50 each—one sock, maybe. Anyway, my Christmas shopping is long behind me. And I have two copies left over. To anyone who wants to borrow one, the answer is "Fat chance."

However, I would let go of one copy—if only I could remember the name of the guy who lent me the book 10 years ago in the first place.

—Goodman Ace



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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

The Grand Priests of Monte Carlo

THE CÔTE D'AZUR has been as gray as anywhere else in the Northern Hemisphere this winter. It is just noon, and I write with a desk light blazing. I have hardly been out of doors this last month, except to shop at the PrisUnic round the corner or take the odd beer at a gloomy cafe. It is now, with the absence of tourists, that one sees who genuinely lives here and finds out why.

Richard Nixon seems, in that historic colloquy with David Frost, to have prided himself on getting on with the job, whatever the job was, rather than joining the shameful exilic sybarites in the South of France. The legend dies hard of bronzed tax-dodgers living it up on yachts, stepping ashore only to play the tables and gorge at the Hôtel de Paris. Monte Carlo, playground of the rich. Where are these rich? The only exiles I see are men made chronically sad by some failed affair of the heart on a colder shore, working like mad at oceanography, the placing of buoys, or the dispensing of bar music in the minor hotels.

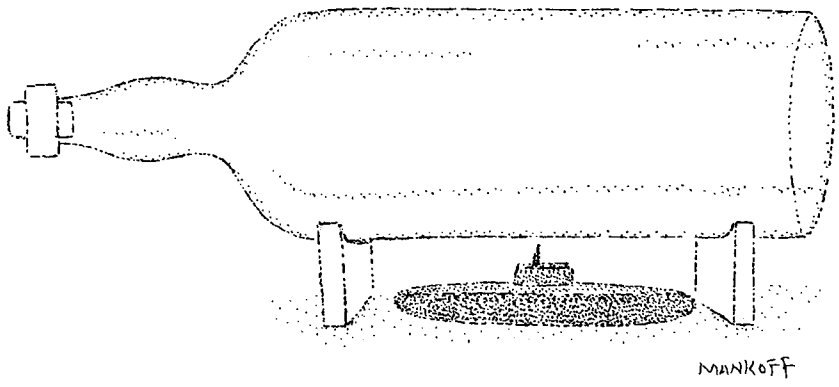
There is one young American here who earns his bread by designing and manufacturing shirts with simple slogans on the breast. These shirts are cotton, and they provide a frail onomastic link with his true vocation, which is the writing of a definitive life of Cotton Mather. Is not that bizarre, Mr. Nixon? God's own scourge stalking a land of sunny pleasures. Why Cotton Mather, I asked the young man, whom I will call Jeff. Because, he said, they talk of their Fords and Rockefellers and Hearsts as the great exemplars of American single-mindedness, but Mather beat them all. Consider. He knew Greek, Latin, and Hebrew at 11 and became a Harvard M.A. at 18. Then he got down to God. He wrote about God. He wrote 444 books, all big ones. He wrote 14 of these in one year, at the same time doing his job as pastor of the Second Church in Boston and observing 20 vigils and 60 fasts.

When he died at 65 he'd survived three wives, the last of whom went insane, and all but two of his 15 children. All he had left was his faith, which never once wavered. He would burn anyone as a witness to that faith. He regarded the Indians as a kind of Vietnamese who had to have the blessings of western (really eastern) civilization burnt into them. He was single-minded as all hell, said Jeff. You'll find his successors in the big American corporations, in the CIA, and in the Pentagon. You'll never understand the American soul until you understand Cotton Mather.

Jeff's eagerness to discuss his hero has led to quite a cult of Puritan New England among the expatriates here, and not just the expatriates. There is a small French rock group eager, in the coming tourist season, to regale Anglophone visitors with songs in English. Jeff has made them a song out of a poem by the Rev. Edward Taylor (1645?-1729), a poem whose rhymes are as bad as any you'll find in the Beatles (1960-70).

My Deare Deare Lord, I know not what to say:
Speech is too Course a web for me to cloath
My Love to thee in it or it to array....

The French rock-singers do not know what the words mean, but this does not matter. Their pronunciation too is exotic, but if one closes one's eyes one can imagine them as sinful Indians being taught that hymn by the Rev. John Eliot, one of the heroes of Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*.



There is not much in English to be read in Monte Carlo, and so a little selection of the poems of Mistress Anne Bradstreet has been going the rounds of the English-speaking beer-drinkers and has, moreover, been pored over attentively. There is a Miss Dudley here who runs a boutique that changes its name periodically. It has been My Lady Fayre and is currently The Pussy Cat. She is seriously considering renaming it Mistress Anne Bradstreet for the coming season. This will perhaps accord ill with the goods offered—diaphanous nighties and see-through brassieres—but the holy influence of the nominal may prevail and the old austerity of New England could become stylish.

God works in mysterious ways, we are told. Is it possible that the Boston word, the only true word, is about to infiltrate the lax mecca of Mediterranean insouciance?

I have been reading the Rev. Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758)—*Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*—during a long bout of New Zealand flu (Jeff's notion of light reading for a sick man). If I get through it, he says, he will let me read Ben Franklin's *Autobiography*, a profane work that gets away from Boston and moves to Philadelphia. But, like a disaster movie addict, I am becoming hooked on fiery New England threats of the wrath of God. Can everything in American fiction, even the most popular and vapid, be traced back to Mather and his disciples? Hell, and more hell.

You may wish to know what slogans Jeff is printing on his cotton shirts. He started off with I LOVE YOU, which Mather and Mistress Bradstreet must have said at one time or another to somebody or Somebody. Now, greatly daring, he is proposing a simple scarlet A. When one of our expatriates comes screaming into a local bar showing a livid alphaform stigma on his chest, we shall know that the Matherization of Monte Carlo has begun.

—Anthony Burgess

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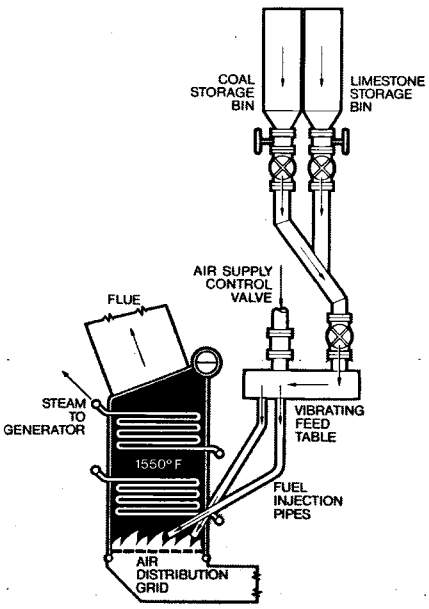
King Coal Makes a Comeback

THE GEORGETOWN University Fossil Fuel Fluidized Bed Boiler demonstration unit is, as its lengthy name suggests, an experimental coal furnace built with federal energy research and development funds. It stands in a big brick shell near the soccer field on the Georgetown campus. Within a few hundred yards of the coal plant, ivy-covered brick townhouses stand behind cobblestone sidewalks neat as a pin, while stately Georgian mansions, with freshly whitewashed clapboard facades, are guarded by well-clipped hedgerows and picket fences. These fine residences are inhabited by Washington's political elite—lawyers, lobbyists, government officials, hostesses, reporters, political mistresses. It is not the type of neighborhood one would consider suitable for a coal plant, with the characteristic plume of black smoke rolling out of its scruffy smokestack, and its perpetual shower of bleak soot-ash falling on the hapless area residents. When a coal plant has done with your neighborhood, it usually looks more like the regurgitated remnants of 19th-century industrial England than the chic D.C. district where guys like Hamilton Jordan might go to smoke pot after working hours.

But the FBB demonstration unit at Georgetown University is not the usual coal plant. When the boiler becomes operational (some time in late May or early June), producing steam heat and air conditioning for the campus and its world-renowned hospital, it will likely be the cleanest coal-burning plant in the country, if not the world. Even old diplomats with respiratory ailments should have no cause for concern over the coal plant. "You won't even know it's there," promises Bob Gamble, an engineer at Foster Wheeler Energy Corp., who helped design the Georgetown unit. "It'll be so spotless, they're even going to have the coal delivered in little white trucks, by men dressed in clean white uniforms."

This novel image of Old King Coal, made possible by the process known as fluidized bed combustion, may be the brightest spot in the scarifying national energy picture at the moment. Fluidized bed combustion could be the hottest new energy technology to become available since events in the Middle East warned all but the most myopic Americans that we can no longer depend on a foreign oil empire to fuel our economic growth.



EBERHARD LUETHKE

The fluidized bed boiler: When coal and limestone are boiled together, the latter absorbs noxious gases and drains them off.

In fluidized bed combustion, crushed coal is fed into a boiler cell containing tiny particles of limestone placed atop a metal grid. When hot air is forced up through the grid, the coal-and-limestone mixture begins to float and expand, until the solid particles actually display the properties of a boiling liquid—hence the term "fluidized" bed. At the operating temperature of 1,550°F., the limestone particles chemically absorb sulphur and nitrous oxides from the burning coal, producing calcium sulphate, a benign solid waste which is then drained off through pipes at the bottom of the boiler. What this means, in simple terms, is that 95 percent of the pollutants are removed before the flue gases ever leave the boiler. This would more than meet current air quality standards while burning even the high-sulphur coal deep-mined in Appalachia and the industrial heartland of the Midwest.

The fluidized bed boiler is the brainchild of New York consulting engineer Michael Pope, chief executive officer of Pope, Evans & Robbins, Inc.

By the purest chance, in 1962 Pope happened to see a fluidized bed boiler at a Nestle's plant in St. Louis. Like all fluidized bed boilers at that time, it was used to burn waste materials rather than to produce energy: This particular boiler burned coffee grounds. Pope suddenly had an idea that this type of boiler could burn coal efficiently. His moment of inspiration was rewarded when it was discovered, on a bench-scale model funded by the now defunct office of Coal Research, that the bed material actually soaked up pollutants normally expelled in the burning process.

Had Michael Pope solved coal's environmental problem? The results of his early tests were very encouraging, but there was simply no more federal money available for coal development until after the 1973 OPEC embargo. Then, within a few months, Pope was awarded a $6.5 million government contract to build a demonstration plant in Rivesville, West Virginia.

But Pope had another problem: He was an engineer, not a manufacturer. Who would build his demonstration boiler? "I took my idea to the leading boiler corporations in the country, and pleaded with them to get involved," Pope said in a interview in his office. "Their general attitude was, 'We think you're on to a great thing, keep up the good work. But we just can't be bothered.' There was no market for coal boilers. When I talked about the U.S. converting to coal ten years ago, people would look at me and say, 'What are you, some kind of Hebrew?' Yeah," Pope shook his head, remarkable for its handsome baldness, "I'm a Hebrew. What I learned was that to be a successful innovator, you can't get too far ahead of the pack."

Pope finally did, however, subcontract Foster Wheeler to fabricate the Rivesville boiler, which was fired for the first time in December 1976. A partnership was eventually formed between Pope, Evans and Foster Wheeler to develop and market the fluidized bed boiler together. Their first project is the Georgetown unit.

How soon the rest of the pack catches up with Michael Pope has to do, of

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course, with the situation in Iran, the price of OPEC oil, the fall of the dollar, the inflation rate, and the national energy policy. All these factors should make coal development increasingly likely, perhaps inevitable. With the lead time for solar and fusion power now expected to be 30 to 40 years, coal and conservation are the only alternatives in the short run to developing nuclear power, which many people find environmentally unacceptable.

The U.S. has strong reserves of coal—perhaps two to three hundred years' worth, if we are willing to dig deep enough and strip-mine the West. But beyond the difficulties of mining it, coal is also hard stuff to handle—it doesn't flow conveniently through a pipeline like oil or gas—and has traditionally been nasty stuff to burn. The nitrous and sulphur oxides produced in coal combustion are proven carcinogens.

Despite the 1977 Coal Conversion Act, apparently designed to hound industries with government regulations until they change over to coal, and the National Energy Act, which sets a national goal of doubling coal production by the end of the century, the outlook for coal has actually become *dimmer* with passing months. Western coal operators, having lost the legislative battle over the strip-mine law, are still fighting against land reclamation. Meanwhile the electric utilities, which burn the major portion of coal in this country, have rejected the use of scrubber systems to clean up their coal-fired units as too costly and environmentally damaging. Finally, few analysts believe that coal can be reliably and economically delivered to a vastly increased domestic market until the nation's railroad system returns from the grave, and until a way is found to settle wildcat strikes in the coalfields.

The fluidized bed boiler cannot assume a significant role until all of these various problems have been resolved. Michael Pope believes that the fate of coal conversion will depend almost entirely on government stimulus. "Left alone, industry won't convert to coal," he says. "Coal could be developed with a real mandate from the people, but the public isn't ready for that yet. So government has to lead the way. The way I envision conversion taking place is that various government and public-sector entities will begin converting their own facilities to fluidized bed combustion the way Georgetown is doing. Once the number of fluidized bed boilers in operation begins to grow, and they're seen to run reliably, then private industry will gain a measure of faith, and start converting too."

There are already several other fluidized bed boilers under construction for the public sector, all under Department of Energy grants. Depending on how these various demonstration units work, industrial customers could come clamoring for fluidized bed boilers in as little as three years.

An extensive Exxon research study predicts that by the end of the 1980s, fluidized beds will account for 25 percent of the industrial boiler market. The more conservative electric utilities could follow with giant orders thereafter, again depending on whether the federal government will subsidize development of a larger-sized boiler for electricity generation.

Yet none of the upcoming fluidized bed boilers will have quite the impact of the Georgetown demonstration unit, sitting like a little prince in the Potomac River Valley, staring out tranquilly at the nation's Capitol. I was thinking of how much might actually depend on this one energy experiment when I recently took a lunchtime tour with Chuck Sala, Pope, Evans's Georgetown project manager. Could it save us from the Arab clutch? Could it rekindle some hope in our gloomy economic future?

Sala and I climbed up in a spiral, around the great white welded bundles of steampipes which form the outer wall of the boiler and look like the pipes of an immense church organ, till we reached the hole in the wall where the coal will be mechanically fed into the maw.

"This boiler is being built so that a high-school janitor could run it," said Sala. "We've taken the simplest system, at the lowest cost, requiring the fewest operating personnel. It could become a standardized design for industry, which would cut way down on the cost, because it could be fabricated at a factory and then shipped to the site by barge."

We resumed our climb up the metal grid stairs to the cinderblock attic, where baghouse filters—like gigantic vacuum-cleaner bags—are being installed to capture the boiler's particulate emissions. Finally, we went up one last flight to a metal door leading onto the roof, six stories above the campus.

We enjoyed a magnificent view of the gleaming white domes of Washington. It seemed as fine a place as any to build a clean coal plant. And I wondered out loud whether many of Washington's politicians and out-of-town visitors made it over to inspect the new plant and get a shot of energy optimism. "Oh, yeah," said Sala. "We've had guys coming to look at this thing from everywhere—Japan, Europe, the Soviet Union, you name it. I bet there isn't a politician in Washington who hasn't come out to see the plant—except maybe Jimmy Carter. Everybody who sees it is real impressed. That's part of what we're trying to do here, too. If we can build and operate a coal-fired plant in Washington, where there are the highest air quality standards in the entire world, well—hell, we can build one anywhere!"

—Jonathan Evan Maslow

"Hey, Endicotts, guess what! It now costs less to stay sauced on brandy than it does to heat the place."

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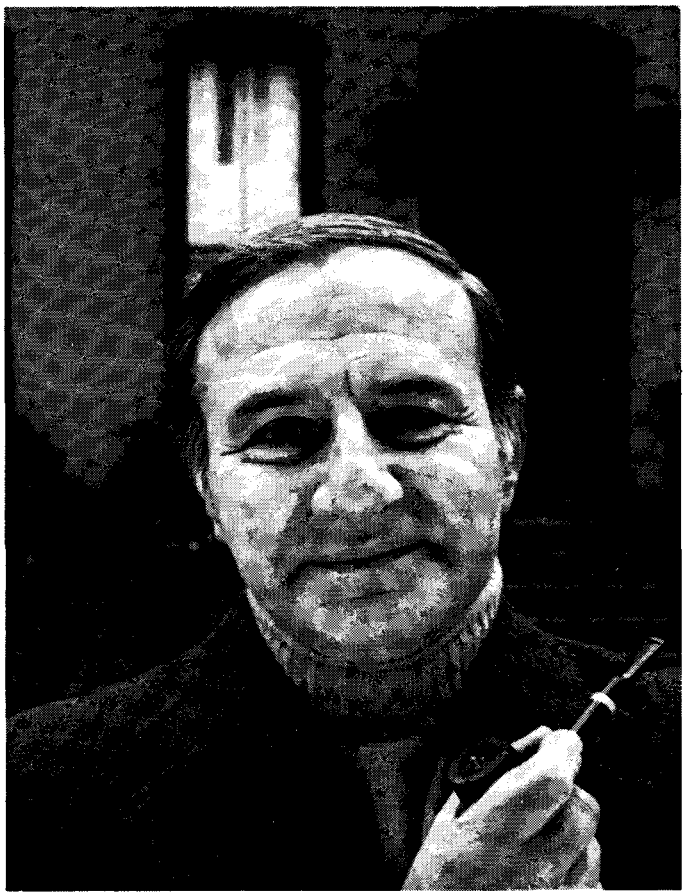

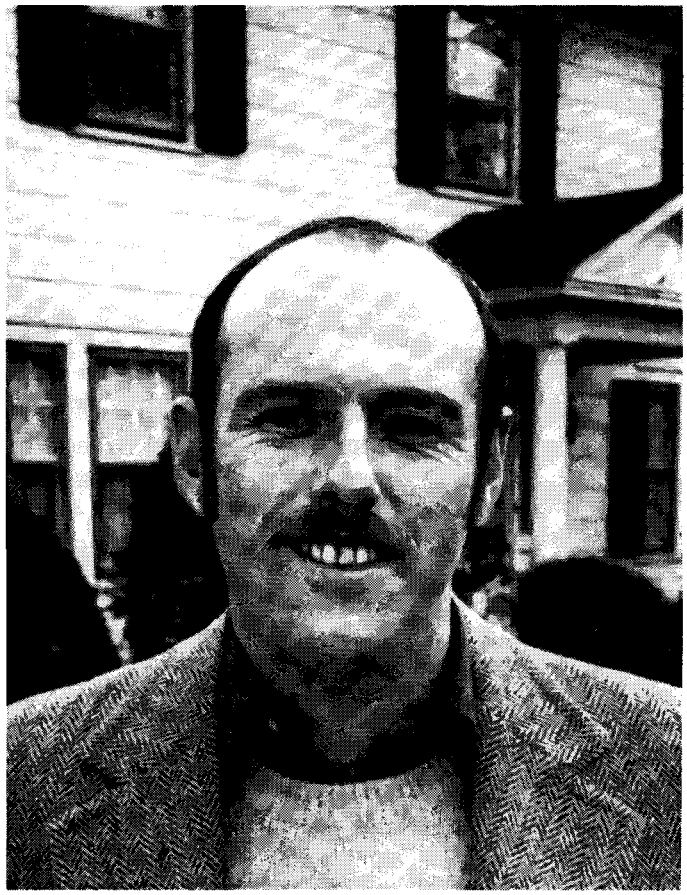

One of these homeowners is thrifty, safety conscious, and a sitting duck for financial disaster.

He doesn't even know it. He thinks he's done his best to protect his home and his possessions. He hasn't.

Many people, like the man on the left, believe they have adequate homeowners insurance. But inflation has been pushing up the value of their homes. They don't update their coverage every year. So when disaster strikes, they are unable to fully recover their losses.

Rising replacement costs are one reason. In the last 10 years the cost of re-siding a home jumped 132%, re-shingling a roof 155%; and repainting a living room 142%.[1] In the last five years alone, the cost of building a new home has increased 63%.[2]

As a group of property and casualty insurance companies, we don't want you to be a sitting duck by not having your insurance provide full protection for your home. Check with your agent to be sure your homeowners policy reflects the amount of additional coverage inflation has made necessary.

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- Supporting strict building codes to reduce fire risk.
- Designing new coverages to meet the special insurance needs of older homes.
- Helping to develop safety standards which protect life and property.
- Operating special claims assistance and damage repair programs in times of catastrophe.
- Conducting fire prevention and arson control programs.

Here's what you can do to protect yourself:

- Re-evaluate your home insurance needs annually with your agent.
- Take a higher deductible if you can. It lowers your premiums.
- Install a smoke detector or burglar alarm. Many companies offer premium discounts for such devices.
- Get a receipt or appraisal for all major household items (furniture, antiques, jewelry, art). Duplicate it and keep it and all such records in a safety deposit box away from your home.
- Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

1 Source U S Dept of Labor 2. Cost does not include land Source U S Dept of Commerce

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An Immodest Proposal

IF LUCKY, an explorer into the murky depths of government documents may return with news that will edify, or perhaps stupefy, an unsuspecting public. Such was my good fortune on encountering the following statement made by the Chairman of the President's Extraordinary Commission on Tax Reform, excerpted in a recent Congressional Record. The passage read:

THE OVERWHELMING CASE FOR ALLOWING DEPRECIATION DEDUCTIONS ON MARRIED WOMEN AS A MATTER OF EQUITABLE AND SOUND TAX POLICY

IT HAS BEEN frequently suggested that women do not get older, but better. Whether or not they do get better is a matter of individual judgment and, as such, beyond the scope of the commission's study. What is clear, however, is that a woman does get older. And as she gets older her physical value diminishes according to good, old-fashioned economic theory. It is with this concept in mind that we suggest that a woman, if married, be characterized as depreciable property, allowing her husband to take her as an income tax deduction. This reform would be consistent with the tax treatment of such other types of property as housing, equipment, oil and other minerals, macadamia nuts, race horses, ball players, cattle, historic preservation, records, copyrights, and beefaloes.

The tax break accorded to each of those commodities does not merely provide a wealthy taxpayer with an extra write-off on his tax return, but meets some underlying social need. Similarly, it is clear that an overwhelming social need would be served by allowing for the depreciation of married women.

It would, for example, encourage the marriage of those now living together out of wedlock, thereby restoring the virtue of virtue in American life—a matter of urgent concern to President Carter, whose sweeping tax reform campaign proposed an increase in tax advantages awarded to couples coupling under the sanction of a contract.

The right to depreciate a wife would also discourage the breakup of the family. Depreciation would continue only so long as the marriage remained intact. Furthermore, divorce would be penalized. As with other depreciable property that is sold, the amount of the depreciation previously taken by a husband would be "recaptured" into his income in the event of divorce, separation, or desertion. His accumulated depreciation (all such benefits accrued over the years of his marriage) would be made part of his taxable income, and taxed in the year of the divorce, separation, or desertion. Anyone who has invested in a real estate tax shelter will confirm the practical effect of this penalty, it being almost prohibitive to get rid of the property. The death of the wife would terminate the right to take depreciation, but would not result in "recapture," unless unjustifiable homicide could be proved.

"If you ask me I think they've cut the city budget too much."

As marriage is a virtue to be encouraged, so is chastity. The purchaser of new real estate, oil tankers, and other property is entitled to take what is known as accelerated depreciation. This means that the "first user" of property is allowed a larger depreciation deduction than one who has purchased used property. To determine first user in the case of a wife may create some difficulties of proof, but since they have already been overcome by the Internal Revenue Service in the case of cattle, it seems reasonable to think the principle can be applied elsewhere.

This part of the program may seem unfair to older women who have made a concerted effort to keep fit. In these cases, we might look to appropriate analogies—the preservation of historic properties and the rehabilitation of housing, where special depreciation benefits have been granted. Perhaps similar approaches could be applied to wives who have undertaken a certified program of physical renewal.

This extension of tax policy enjoys not only a social but an economic justification. As a wife grows older her ability to work declines. Housework gets harder, and the conception and raising of children become more difficult. As a matter of quantitative economics, she is wearing out, as any honest woman trying to slip past 40 will admit. This may necessitate the hiring of outside domestic help, a cost which is not deductible. Depreciation will help to compensate for the extra cost.

No one doubts that the deterioration of the nuclear family means a deterioration of the fabric of society itself. While a tax shelter is no panacea, its effectiveness has, time and again, been proven. Over the past few decades, we have turned, when all else has failed, to tax policy (and to tax shelters in particular) to solve our social problems. Based upon this experience, the commission urges the extension of depreciation to married women as a matter of equity and as a matter of sound tax and social policy.

—Robert L. Nessen

Mr. Nessen teaches real estate law at Boston University Law School, and is currently writing a book on real estate investment.

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THE HOLISTIC HEALTH EXPLOSION

by Norman Cousins

ONE OF THE authentic experiences of the Seventies—as representative of America today as social-protest gatherings in the Sixties—is a visit to a holistic health meeting. Countless numbers of Americans are participating in such sessions across the country. The speakers range all the way from established medical authorities to faith healers and jogging experts. Group activities are generally standard fare and can be expected to run from collective meditation to chain dancing. Usually, there are exhibition booths featuring a wide variety of health aids—exercise equipment, blood-pressure gauges, vitamin supplements, literature.

The individual who is looking for alternatives to traditional medical ideas has a wide choice of approaches with varying credentials—acupuncture, biofeedback, homeopathy, naturopathy, iridology, nutrition, vitamin therapy, chiropractic, meditation, yoga, astrology, numerology, pyramidology, graphology, psychic surgery, faith healing, apricot-kernel therapy, Rolfing, touch encounters, self-massage, negative ionization, psychocalisthenics, etc.

The list is not offered invidiously. A number of these methods have well-established records and enjoy high standing within the medical profession. But some of them are speculative and even spurious. And the inevitable danger represented by this mixture is that the sideshows will dominate the center of the stage. The total effect is often one of fragmentation, leading to the inescapable irony that a philosophy based on wholeness seems on the verge of becoming unwhole. By a sort of Gresham's Law, ideas that are more anecdotal than verifiable are pulling down the holistic approaches that have demonstrated their validity.

The basic strength of the holistic health movement is in the concept of the human body and mind as a fully unified biological system capable under most circumstances of warding off disease or overcoming it. According to this philosophy, the primary function of the physician is to engage to the fullest the ability of the body to right itself. In so doing, the physician is expected to take into account all the interacting factors that may figure in breakdown—emotional strains, job or family pressures, faulty nutrition, environmental hazards such as noise, overcrowding, smoke, etc. The physician is also expected to make a careful distinction between the large majority of patients with self-limiting disorders and the small number that require complex procedures.

The patient's requirements for emotional support have the same standing as his physiological needs.

How did the holistic health movement start? Where is it likely to go?

First of all, holistic health may be new in terms of popular acceptance but it is centuries old as a medical tradition. The great medical teachers have always impressed on their students the need to make a careful assessment of all the factors involved in the interaction of mind and body. Hippocrates, the first major historic name in medicine, was quintessentially holistic when he insisted that nothing is more natural than for the human body to heal itself and that this process can take place without the intervention of a physician *(vis medicatrix naturae)*. He believed that the essential function of the physician—here again, Hippocrates was being nothing if not holistic—was to avoid any treatment that might interfere with the healing process or that might do harm *(primum non nocere)*.

Echoes of these strictures are found in Arturo Castiglioni's *History of Medicine* published a half century ago:

> The physician above all should keep in mind the welfare of the patient, his constantly changing state, not only in the visible signs of his illness but also in his state of mind, which must necessarily be an important factor in the success of the treatment. One would be blind not to recognize that before and even after the advent of modern scientific medicine there were great and able healers of the sick who were not men of science, but who had the ability to reassure the patient and thus favorably to influence the course of the illness.

If holistic concepts are not new, how are we to account for the new popular interest, and their development into a national movement? At least a half dozen factors are involved.

Medication

Ever since the dangers of thalidomide for pregnant women were discovered almost 20 years ago, many thousands of people have become aware that modern drugs are not to be regarded solely as lifesavers; they can be dangerous, even when taken as directed by a physician. Antibiotics, for example, made their appearance as miracle drugs; they were able to destroy potent microorganisms beyond the reach of other medications. But bacteria have become inured and resistant to antibiotics, requiring ever more powerful strains of antibiotic killers. The cycle has been costly and destructive.

Steroid drugs have presented their own problems. The dramatic and almost instantaneous improvements brought about by cortisones have had to be evaluated alongside disturbances of the delicate chemical balances of the body, or what the great endocrinologist Walter Cannon called "homeostasis."

Other new drugs effective in preventing and combating hypertension, in regulating the human heartbeat, in restoring sluggish organs, and in arresting harmful growths have not been without penalties and risks. Their dangers are often as great as, and sometimes greater than, their benefits.

The public's awareness of these dan-

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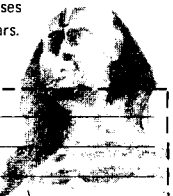

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gers rose very sharply in the Sixties and Seventies as consumer consciousness expanded into the health field. The result has been a growing distrust not just of highly sophisticated new drugs but of almost all medications in general. It is felt that doctors have a tendency to overmedicate and to fail to maintain the necessary vigilance over patients who continue to take potent drugs long past the point where their use is indicated. People tend to forget that much of the pressure on doctors to prescribe exotic new drugs comes from the public itself.

In any case, the reaction against drugs has become an important part of the holistic movement.

Nutrition

Inevitably, the distrust of powerful medication has figured in the surging new emphasis on proper nutrition, which is regarded both as a precondition of good health and as a substitute for drugs in the treatment of many illnesses. Books on nutrition have found an eager audience. For a half dozen years or more, Adelle Davis's books on nutrition outsold everything between covers except the Bible. Carlton Fredericks's radio program on nutrition has found an audience in the millions. One of the fastest-growing magazines in America is *Prevention*, which puts its dominant emphasis on health through proper nutrition.

Through such nutrition literature, and as the result of the White House Conference on Nutrition in 1965, the public became aware that the great failure of medical schools was in the field of nutrition. Actually, nutrition is not being ignored or bypassed in medical schools but taught as an integral part of other subjects. Even so, the fact that it has no standing of its own runs counter to the public's conviction that nutrition is at the very top of factors affecting health. And when some doctors contend that the average food-market shopping basket provides everything needed for a balanced diet, many people react sharply to what they feel is an unwarranted and incompetent statement. The fact that so few doctors question their patients in detail about their food habits provides yet additional evidence that nutrition is not a major factor in the thinking of many physicians.

Overspecialization and Technology

The reasons behind the massive trend to specialization are logical enough. The general practitioner has no way of keeping up with the fast-developing new knowledge. Even as the public has made allowances for this fact, however, it has felt uncomfortable about the extent to which specialization has changed medical practice. People have been troubled by the contradiction between the traditional view of the doctor as a reassuring father-figure who takes care of all their basic medical needs and the pluralization of the doctor-patient relationship brought about by specialists who preside over separate parts of their anatomy.

The emergence of specialists is connected to the expanding new medical technology, giving many people the impression that the doctor is an auxiliary of the machine. Patients find it difficult to accept the new impersonalization produced by that technology. Moreover, the machines pronounce verdicts with a finality that seems to run counter to one of the oldest rules of medical diagnosis: Always allow for the fact that certain individuals may have all the signs and symptoms of a particular disease yet be completely free of that disease. By contrast, believers in holistic medicine put an emphasis on human contact and human warmth, regarding medical technology as generally cold and unappealing. The patient's requirements for emotional support have the same standing as his physiological needs.

Fees

There has been a growing need in the nation for increasing the number of doctors in rural areas and in inner-city community clinics; yet the large majority of medical-school graduates has been attracted to specialized practice in the big cities. Doctors are criticized for seeking the big incomes that metropolitan centers make possible. To at least some extent, high fees are related to the fact that a large number of medical-school graduates have to pay off tuition debts that often exceed $50,000. It would be a mistake to doubt the sincerity of students who say they would be far more disposed to work in country clinics if their massive educational debts were not hanging over them. Whatever the justification, the fact remains that people who need doctors the most are least able to afford them.

Growing Sophistication of the Public

The rapid rise in the educational level of Americans has been reflected in the ability of many people to inform themselves to a far greater extent than ever before about health matters. Many millions of Americans have formed the habit of following medical developments. In their own relationships with physicians they are no longer disposed to accept medical decisions unquestioningly.

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New Interest in the Powers of the Mind

Enough verifiable data have appeared about the ability of the human mind to play a major role in overcoming illness to make this entire field enormously attractive to laymen. It is manifestly true that interest in these matters outruns systematic knowledge; even so, many people eagerly snatch at new findings or speculations having to do with the reach of the mind. And they are disappointed when they discover that their doctors are not equally well informed or excited about such developments and prospects. With each new popular book on the potentialities of the human mind or on its sway over the autonomic nervous system, the gap has widened between the public and the medical profession.

Not all doctors disdain the new trends. The biochemical origins of mental powers are being documented. Medical researchers at the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, for example, have taught laymen to exercise voluntary control of body temperature. The entire biofeedback movement has gained in stature as the result of such new studies. Undeniable evidence is emerging that the human mind can be trained to play an important part both in preventing disease and in overcoming it when it occurs. What is perhaps most significant here is that thousands of Americans are pressing the medical profession for greater emphasis on mind-body interactions in the attack on illness.

TO BE SURE, these are not the only elements in the burgeoning growth of the holistic health movement. But they constitute both the main structural props and the rallying points for the mounting interest by an increasingly knowledgeable public. Underlying these ideas, of course, are the traditional essentials of health that have always had a strong place in medical canons—adequate exercise, sound sleep, good air, moderation in personal habits, and so forth.

The holistic health movement has had its greatest growth in the past decade. Just in recent months, however, leaders of the movement have had reason to be increasingly concerned about the tendency of some adherents to reject everything related to the medical tradition. These leaders not only did not oppose the entire medical profession but were eager to bring about the widest possible participation of physicians in holistic approaches. They never intended, for example, that the problem of overmedication should be solved by no medication at all, especially under those circumstances

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in which medicine is essential.

These leaders are also troubled about the plethora of different branches or approaches, as mentioned at the outset, that are vying for popular favor. Some of them feel that, while it is reasonable to expect the physician to take the concept of holistic health seriously, it is unreasonable to expect him to embrace such schools as astrology, numerology, and clairvoyance as valid bases for treatment of human beings.

While it is reasonable to expect the physician to take holistic health seriously, it is unreasonable to expect him to embrace such schools as astrology and numerology as valid bases for treatment.

It may be useful at this point to consider a general array of "reasonables" and "unreasonables" in the attitudes of physicians to the various components of holistic health.

It is *reasonable* to expect the physician to maintain an open mind about new developments in diagnosis and treatment even though they may not seem to be in harmony with his own training and experience. At the same time, it is *reasonable* to expect the physician to inform himself about, even if he cannot fully accept, such approaches as biofeedback, acupuncture, meditation, herbalism, and autogenic training. But it is *unreasonable* to expect him to proceed with any treatment in the absence of adequate clinical evidence that it is safe and efficacious. No responsible doctor will experiment with his patients.

It is *reasonable* to expect the doctor to recognize that science may not have all the answers to problems of health and healing. But it is *unreasonable* to expect him to give up the scientific method in treating his patients. The most important thing about science is the scientific method—a way of thinking systematically, a way of assembling evidence and appraising it, a way of conducting experiments so as to predict accurately what will happen under given circumstances, a way of ascertaining and recognizing one's own errors, a way of finding the fallacies in long-held ideas. Science itself is constantly changing, largely as the result of the scientific method.

It is *reasonable* to expect the doctor to accord nutrition a high place in the understanding and treatment of illness. It is equally *reasonable* to expect him to listen to his patients' own understanding of the subject. It would be a serious mistake for the physician to allow his superior knowledge of health care in general to lead him to believe that there are no particulars in which laymen may be better informed. The case for good nutrition is exactly the same as the case for good medicine. If medication can make a difference in internal functions of a human being, so can food. It is an error to suppose, therefore, that the right foods cannot be used effectively to fight disease, whether in combination with medication or without it, depending on the nature of the problem. It is *reasonable* to expect the physician to take a complete nutritional profile of a patient as an essential part of any examination.

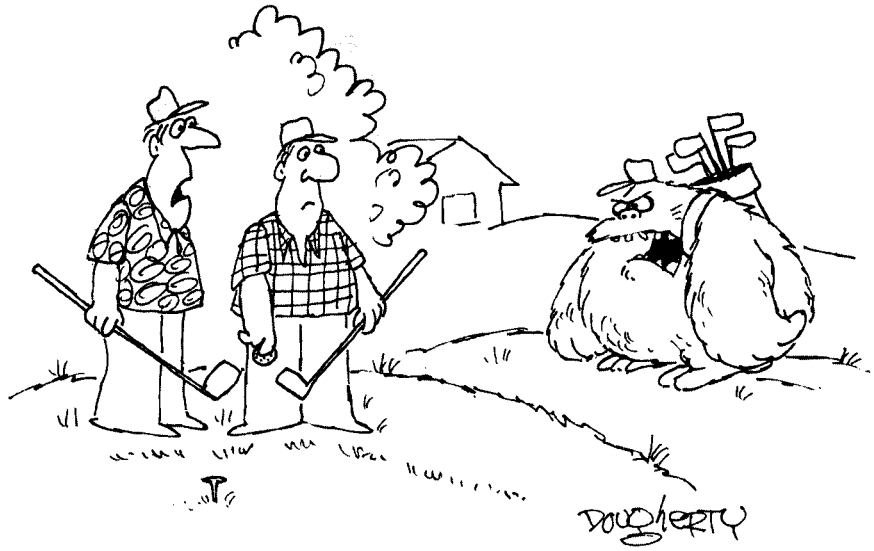
It is *unreasonable*, however, to expect a physician to believe that the right food is all that is required to cure any disease. The doctor would be irresponsible if he did not use the means at his command in cases calling for heroic intervention. If a patient has had an attack of bacterial endocarditis, for example, prompt medicinal treatment can represent the difference between life and death.

It is *reasonable* to expect the physician to accept the need for vitamin supplementation when people are under stress or are subjected to environmental strains and hazards. The notion that the average diet supplies all the proper vitamin levels is not very meaningful; the use of the word *average* in such matters is arbitrary and unscientific. Some lifestyles produce a chronic vitamin imbalance. Such deficiencies are all too real, especially as the result of the large dependence on processed foods. It is possible that more patients would go to doctors for advice concerning these matters if they did not have the feeling that doctors regard vitamin deficiencies as nonsense.

It is *unreasonable*, however, to expect the physician to see all diseases as a manifestation of vitamin deficiency. It is equally unreasonable to expect physicians to encourage their patients to spend large sums of money on vitamin overloading, regardless of need and regardless of the possible harm that such overloading might cause. What is required here—as it is in all matters—is a sense of balance that neither attempts to dismiss vitamins out of hand nor regards them as the only key to good health. Such a balance is possible, given attitudes of reasonableness by both physician and patient.

The holistic health movement can attain its greatest effectiveness by seeking such an equilibrium. It would not be in the interest of the movement to regard the medical profession as the "enemy." Talk of "enemies" does not sit well in a movement in which spiritual factors are not less vital than practical ones. Holism means healing—not just of bodies but of relationships. The bridge between the physician and the public is crossed at the point where both groups accept the ability of the human body to be fully potentiated in maintaining health and in overcoming disease.

For far too long the profession of medicine has allowed itself to become overly mystifying, combining aloofness with authority in a way that produces public resistance. But doctors need not fear that an open and responsive attitude will weaken their position. There is nothing in the holistic health movement that does not have its sanction in the best medical tradition. The emergence of a knowledgeable citizenry can serve as the basis for mutual respect between physician and patient and result in an imaginative and responsible public policy. ◉



"Better let him play through, Harry."

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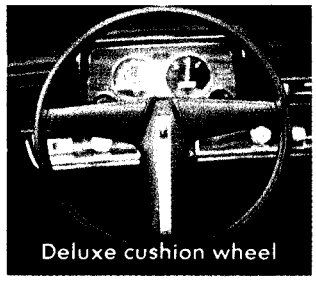
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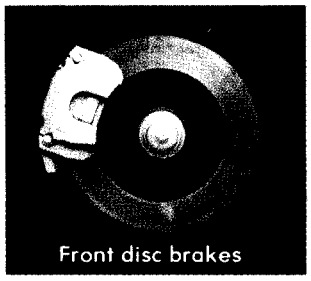
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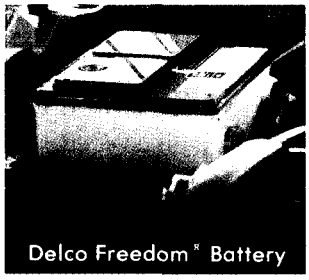
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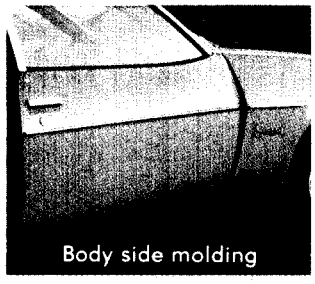
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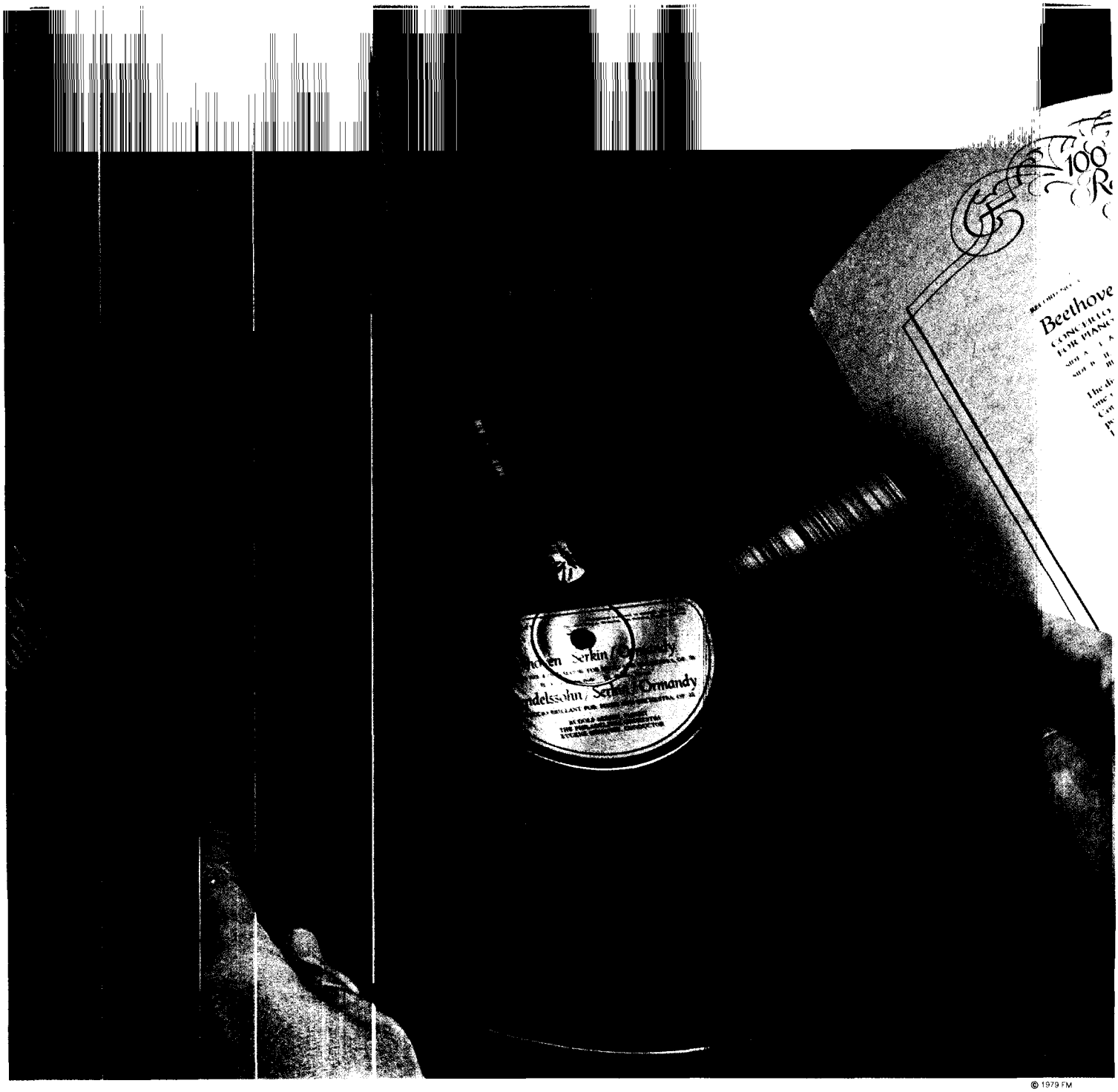

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WILLIAM MANN, senior music critic, The London Times
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SMUGGLED!

by Bryan Rostron

In June 1964 a series of severe storms swept across northern Italy and moved southward down the Adriatic coast, past Rimini and Ancona, as far as Puglia. There, off the coast on the night of the 28th, the bad spell broke with a thunderous cloudburst.

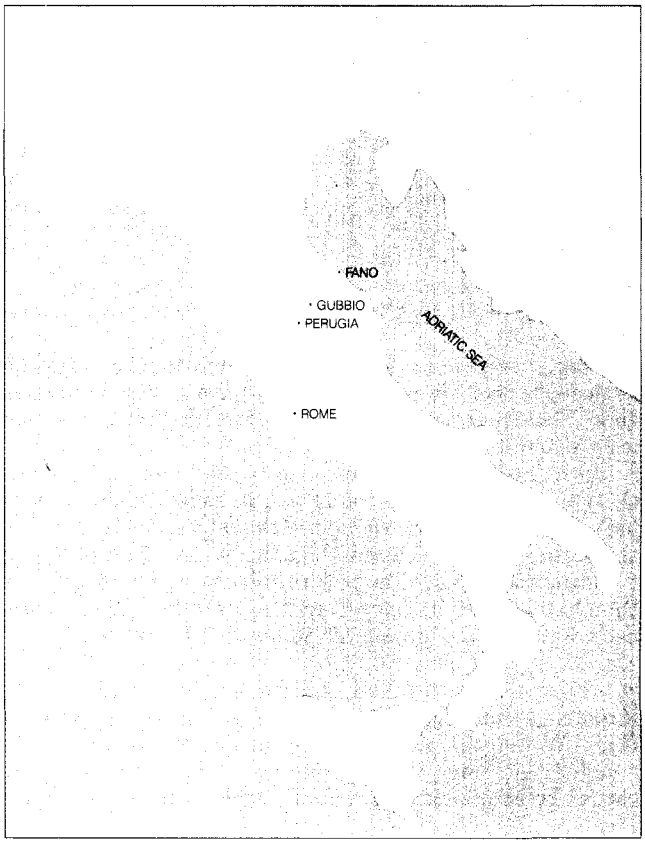
A few nights later two Italian fishing boats, working in tandem with a crew of 18, were dragging their nets along the bottom of the Adriatic. Toward dawn, as they pulled up the nets after a long trawl, the fishermen realized their catch was unusually heavy. It was too dark to see clearly and at first they feared they had snared an unexploded World War II mine. But as they drew the nets closer, a bulky human form emerged and they wondered if it might be the body of one of several fishermen drowned in another storm the previous month. When they finally swung the nets inboard they saw an ungainly, prehistoric-looking figure missing both feet. It was, in fact, a 500-pound Greek statue covered with nearly 2,000 years of sea encrustations.

In November 1977, this life-size bronze fetched the highest known price ever paid for a statue—$3.9 million. The work is attributed to the fourth century B.C. Greek artist Lysippus. Favored by Alexander the Great, he was the most celebrated sculptor of his day. Whereas most earlier Greek statues were intended to be seen from one particular viewpoint, Lysippus's revolutionary innovations in proportion and composition allowed his work to be viewed in the round. Professor Paolo Moreno of Rome University, author of two books on Lysippus, identifies the statue as the portrait of a young athlete after victory and suggests that it may have been plundered by ancient Romans from Mount Olympus. The ship bearing the statue was probably sunk in a storm and there may well have been other treasures on board. Pliny the Elder tells us Lysippus made more than 1,500 works, all of them bronze, but it was doubted that any of the originals had survived—until this one surfaced.

The fishermen stealthily unloaded the barnacle-covered masterpiece in Fano, near Rimini, and took it to the captain's house, where it was put on a kitchen table and propped up against a wall. When it began to smell, it was moved into the back garden. The fishermen of Fano often find Greek and Roman vases that they can sell for 200,000-300,000 lire ($224-$335). The authorities tend to ignore such sales, but the bronze statue would be another matter. The fishermen knew they had to dispose of it as soon as possible since, according to a 1939 law, newfound antiquities automatically become the property of the state. So, acting quickly, one of the fishermen called a cousin, Aldo Del Monte, a carpet dealer. He in turn got in touch with his friend and colleague Libero Carotti, a local furniture restorer, who promised to contact some persons who might be interested in the find. A short while later, a stranger who had heard about the statue from the port chaplain of Fano went to Carotti's house. Although it was after midnight, Carotti agreed to take this man, Renato Merli (from Imola near Bologna), to see the statue. Merli wanted to buy the statue the minute he saw it. But he was only a small-time furniture dealer himself and did not have the 4 million lire the fishermen were asking. Merli promised to return with the money and the fishermen gave him a 7-by-9-inch snapshot of the statue.

Some days later Merli returned with Maurizio Balena, a young and ambitious art dealer from Bologna. However, the fishermen were out at sea and the captain's wife asked them to return in two days.

Balena says he realized the immense importance of the statue straightaway and claims that he had been prepared to pay up to 24 million lire ($26,736). Merli now feared that the biggest deal of his life might slip through his fingers. During the following two days he called the captain's wife repeatedly, threatening to report them to the authorities if



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The barnacle-encrusted masterpiece—The ship carrying the statue was probably sunk in a storm off the coast of eastern Italy.

the statue were sold to anyone else. When Merli and Balena returned to the captain's house on August 17, the statue was gone. The fishermen, frightened by Merli's threats, had sold it only hours before.

Merli and Balena later returned with a Monsignore from the Vatican and offered the tall, red-headed captain a sizable sum of money if he would tell them to whom he had sold the statue. But the captain would not say. Each of the 18 fishermen who had taken part in the "catch" had made more than half a month's salary from the sale (almost 200,000 lire each, $220), and they wanted to hear no more about it.

IN FACT, THE STATUE had been bought by a modest antiquarian from the Umbrian town of Gubbio, who was enjoying a quiet summer holiday at the home of his daughter in Fano. When Giacomo Barbetti first saw the statue, he could not make up his mind about buying it. He decided to drive back to Gubbio on August 15, and showed a photograph of the statue to his friend Piero Menichetti, a doctor and amateur art enthusiast who agreed to return to Fano and give Barbetti his advice.

For some hours the two men waited in the small, smoke-filled fishermen's bar facing the harbor. Finally, at about 9:30 PM, they were taken on a circuitous trip through the dimly lit, cobbled back streets of Fano to the captain's house. Sometime after midnight, the deal was concluded: Giacomo Barbetti agreed to pay 3.5 million lire ($3,899), and that night the statue was loaded onto a fruit van and taken the 50 miles to Gubbio.

Giacomo Barbetti, now 69, spends most of the day in the Bar Centrale, playing cards with friends. He has a long, slightly bewildered, sad face and a gentle, old-world manner. He is well-liked and respected, but no one will say he's either a great art expert or astute businessman. "Honest," they will tell you—"too honest...."

In 1964, Giacomo did not have the 3.5 million lire for the statue, so he was forced to borrow the money from his cousin, Pietro Barbetti, who owns a cement factory and is one of the richest men in Gubbio. Though the same age, Pietro has none of Giacomo's slow, considerate charm. Impeccably dressed in a three-piece suit, the short, broad, bustling man with a little black mustache prides himself on appearing the dynamic, modern industrialist. On the wall of his office hangs a certificate that proclaims him a "Commendatore" (Commander of an Order of Merit), and there are photographs of him with the former president, Giovanni Leone.

Pietro does not like to talk about the statue. At one point during our conversation he was so nervous that he completely forgot the cigarette holder he normally affects, stuck the wrong end of the cigarette in his mouth, and lit the filter. "Giacomo came into my office and asked me to lend him some money," he says. "I gave him a check. I am only an industrialist and know nothing of art. Anyway, I was too busy to have anything to do with the statue business." But when the statue turned out to be big business, it seems Pietro suddenly developed an interest in art.

At first the statue was kept in Giacomo's garage. But not for long. By December 1964, Giacomo had not been able to repay the 3.5-million-lire loan, so Pietro and his brother Fabbio took the statue. They entrusted it to Don Giovanni Nangi, chaplain for the workers at Pietro's cement factory, who took it to his home. There, he covered the statue with a red drapery and concealed it in a cupboard under the rectory stairs. A number of dealers, both shady and reputable, made pilgrimages to the quiet little town of Gubbio to see the statue. Don Giovanni was asked by the Barbettis to absent himself when anyone came to inspect the statue, and the maid, Giselda Gaggioli, was instructed by the priest not to take any notice of what went on.

One of the first visitors that December was Elie Borowski, an international art dealer based in Basel, Switzerland. The statue had been placed in a small, "primitive" bathtub for his inspection. But Borowski maintains he did not have his magnifying glass with him, so was unable to form a definite opinion about the statue, though he was under the impression at the time that it was either late Greek or early Roman. He says the Barbettis were asking 30 million lire ($33,420). The Barbettis, on the other hand, insist that Borowski thought it was a fake, possibly manufactured in the nearby steelworks town of Terni. Yet a 1970 Swiss Interpol report states that, according to their information, Borowski offered the Barbettis $100,000, but had been turned down because it was not enough. Today Borowski claims that he did not buy the bronze because there were at least seven people in the room, including a doctor and a priest. "I looked at this crowd surrounding me, and thought...you will have trouble with this."

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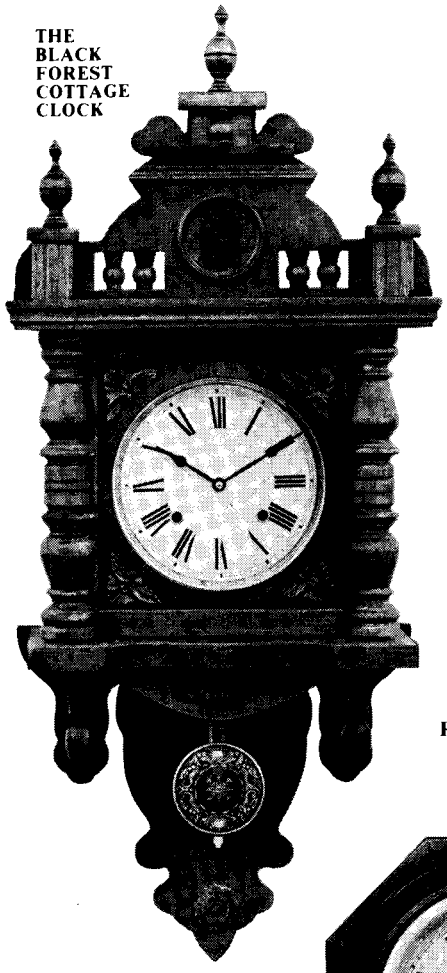

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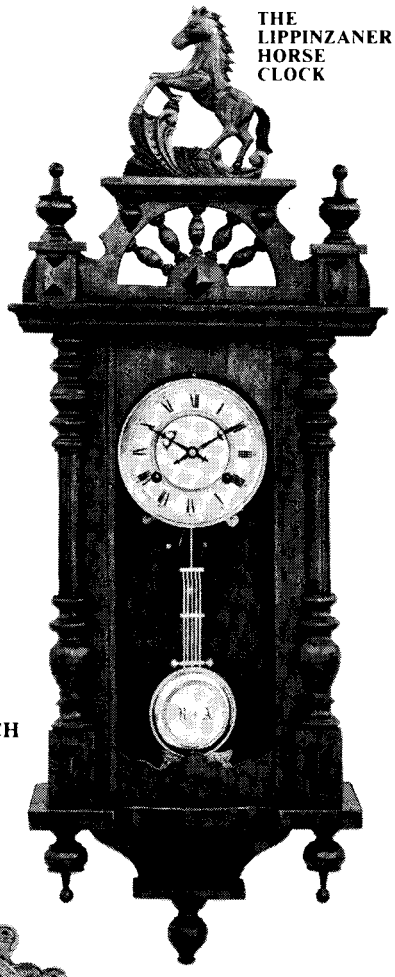

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Black Forest Cottage Clock

SOURCE: Junghans Co.

YEAR: 1880

STYLE: Barvarian Regulator

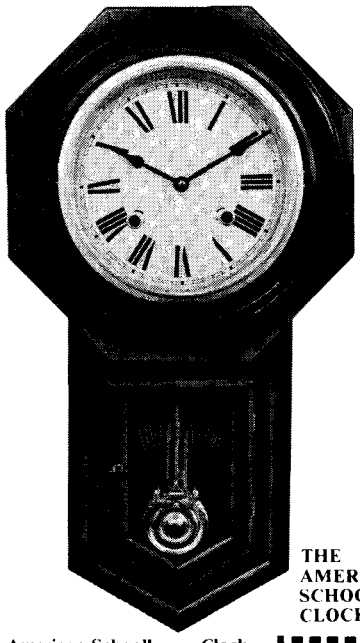
SIZE: 35"L x 15"W x 7"D

CASE: Solid Oak with hand-rubbed Walnut finish. Features a pediment with a Head in a Circle, and 3 Finials. Door has Floral Corners, Round Glass, and 2 turned Columns. Bottom is shield design with Rosette and 2 Finials. Glass Panels on each side.

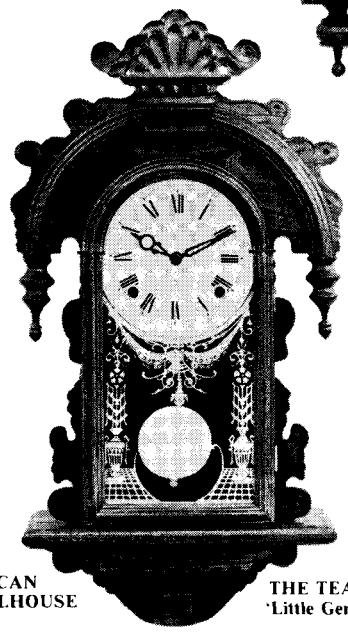
MOVEMENT: Solid Brass with hardened Steel Pinions. Chimes the hour. 8-day Key Wind.

PENDULUM: Solid Brass with Snow Flake and Floral Motif.

FACE: Classic White with raised Brass Rim. Black Roman Numerals and Spade Hands.



THE AMERICAN SCHOOLHOUSE CLOCK



THE TEAR DROP 'Little Gem' CLOCK

Lippinzaner Horse Clock

SOURCE: Gustav Becker Co.

YEAR: 1880

STYLE: Classic Vennia Regulator

SIZE: 36"L x 14½"W x 6"D

CASE: Solid Cherry, with hand-rubbed Walnut finish. Features Horse on top, large Glass Door on front and Glass Panels on each side. Has 2 turned columns and 5 finials.

MOVEMENT: Solid Brass with hardened Steel Pinions. Chimes the hours and half-hour. 8-day key wind.

PENDULUM: Solid Brass. Deluxe design with classic RA on Bob.

FACE: Classic white with raised Brass Rim. Black Numerals and Maltese Hands.

Tear Drop 'Little Gem' Clock

SOURCE: Waterbury Clock Co.

YEAR: 1896

STYLE: American Regulator

SIZE: 24"L x 11"W x 5"D

CASE: Solid Oak with hand-rubbed Walnut finish. Features a pediment with a Fluted Arch that ends in Tear Drop Finials-accented on top with a deeply carved Sea Shell. Door is also a Fluted Arch with a gold Floral motif on the Glass. Has carved Floral bottom.

MOVEMENT: Solid Brass with hardened Steel Pinions. Chimes the hours. 8-day Key Wind.

PENDULUM: Solid Brass Bob.

FACE: Classic White with raised Brass Rim. Black Roman Numerals and Spade Hands.

American Schoolhouse Clock

SOURCE: Ansonia Clock Co.

YEAR: 1880

STYLE: Octagon Regulator

SIZE: 22"L x 12"W x 4½"D

CASE: Solid Oak, with hand-rubbed Walnut finish. Features 2 Glass Doors, upper door with solid Brass Bezel, lower door with gold lettering.

MOVEMENT: Solid Brass with hardened Steel Pinions. Chimes the hours and runs 8 days. Key wind.

PENDULUM: Solid Brass. Deluxe Bulls Eye and Leaf design.

FACE: Classic white with raised Brass Rim. Black Roman Numerals and Spade Hands.

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ENTER ALBERTO MINASI, a dapper, middle-aged art dealer with a dubious reputation among other antiquarians. In the spring of 1965, Nicolas Koutoulakis, a Greek-born art dealer who lives in Paris, consulted with Minasi about the statue. A rendezvous with the Barbettis was made at the cement-factory headquarters in Gubbio. From the office they went to the priest's house in different cars to avoid attracting attention. This time the statue was displayed on the kitchen table.

"Koutoulakis was undecided," says Minasi. "He offered 50 million lire, but the Barbettis would not come down from 100 million." Minasi and Koutoulakis returned a month later, but the Barbettis were still insisting on 100 million lire. Minasi claims Koutoulakis decided to drop out of the running. Today, Koutoulakis denies he knew about the statue and suggests there is some plot against him. "I do not even know where Gubbio is," he said. Of his longtime Italian contact Alberto Minasi, Koutoulakis says, "He's not, how shall we say, very serious...."

On April 22, 1965, an anonymous letter arrived at police headquarters in the nearby city of Perugia. It had been posted the day before in Gubbio. The typewritten half-page of detailed information alleged that Pietro Barbetti had already made a trip to Germany on business connected with the statue. The only information the anonymous letter did not divulge was where the statue was hidden. It was signed "a lover of art and a patriot."

Police Inspector Dottore La Rocca was assigned to conduct "secret investigations" into the affair. La Rocca, a compact and elegant Sicilian, spoke to two of the people mentioned in the letter. On May 23, during a local religious carnival in Gubbio, he sounded out Pietro Barbetti, "using the psychological approach," about his "interest in art." La Rocca swears he did not broach the subject of the statue to Pietro, but he did mention it to Dr. Piero Menichetti, the doctor whom Giacomo had sought for advice. Menichetti told the inspector he knew nothing of the statue.

On May 26, Pietro and Fabbio Barbetti removed the statue from the priest's house and took it to Pietro's. Police Inspector La Rocca was transferred to Turin in May of the following year, the same month in which the first trial over the statue began. He admits the transfer was directly related to the statue affair and even today the case still haunts him. "I slipped up, and for that I'll never forgive myself," says La Rocca. "It is only with great pain that I speak of it."

Meanwhile, in Rome, Alberto Minasi had been thinking of ways to make money from the statue. Finally he decided to report the matter to the Rome authorities. As the police captain whom he had informed about the statue and its location later said, "This did not bring us any benefit...only bitterness." Three Rome carabinieri arrived at the priest's house on Crucifix Street at 10:00 AM, on June 24, 1965. The search was over by 10:50. All they found under the stairs was the red drapery.

When questioned by police for the first time, all three Barbettis denied any knowledge of the statue. But both Don Giovanni and his maid Giselda admitted the statue had been hidden in the rectory. Giselda said that Pietro and Fabbio Barbetti had come to take the statue about 15 days before the police search. "I don't know where it went," said Don Giovanni.

A police report of that month concluded that the statue was either still with Pietro and Giacomo Barbetti or had been sold to people the Barbettis knew. However, there is no evidence that any of the Barbettis' homes were ever searched. Interrogated on June 26, Fabbio Barbetti stated, "As far as I know the statue is still in Giacomo's possession."

Giacomo Barbetti eventually told police that he had already sold the statue. "I don't know their names or addresses," Giacomo told the authorities, "but I would be able to identify them." Giacomo claimed they paid him 4 million lire ($4,456).

In fact, the statue almost certainly did not leave Gubbio until 1967, about the time of the second trial. When asked if this were true, Giacomo Barbetti recently confessed, "I don't know. The statue wasn't in my hands any more. It had been stolen from me."

Stolen?

"Yes, morally speaking. Go and ask my cousin about it." Giacomo admits he has not been on speaking terms with his cousin Pietro for many years. "I've been embittered by the whole experience," he said. "I have always divided half and half, so of course one trusts one's cousin," said Giacomo as he tore an empty packet of cigarettes in half. He ripped a small corner of the packet off and threw it on the table. "But what

The Barbettis—Pietro (left), "the dynamic industrialist," and his cousin Giacomo who has a "gentle, old-world manner."

am I to think when I am tossed a morsel?" He smiles sadly, briefly. "This story is a thriller," he says softly, "and I have been left with only a handful of flies."

THOUGH THE POLICE HAD NOT found the statue, the first trial of the three Barbettis and the priest began in May 1966. They were accused of having bought and hidden a work of ancient art with the intent of theft and damage to the state. The Barbettis defended themselves by claiming, first, that the statue had been found in international waters, and second, that it was not of great value.

A letter from Elie Borowski's lawyer was presented to the court. It stated that Borowski did not think the piece was authentic because it was identical to pictures in Werner Fuchs's *Der Schiffsfund von Mahdia* (which show a 1.40-meter winged Eros). The letter said Borowski thought the work could possibly have been a Roman copy. "But then, as today, my client doubted the authenticity of the piece," continued the letter.

As there was no statue, there was no concrete evidence presented in court. References to the life-size bronze were so vague that in transcribing the proceedings the court clerk even referred to a "statuetta," a little statue. All four defendants were found not guilty for "lack of proof." The Perugia public prosecutor appealed against the "lack of proof" verdict; strangely, so did the Barbettis. They also demanded a retrial; they wanted total acquittal.

The case of the missing statue was next heard before the appeals court in Perugia in January 1967. This time much was made of the Barbettis' "furtive and uncooperative activities" and contradictory evidence. The court concluded the statue had been of value. The three Barbettis were sentenced to four months in prison and fined 50,000 lire ($57), while Don Giovanni Nangi was given two months for aiding

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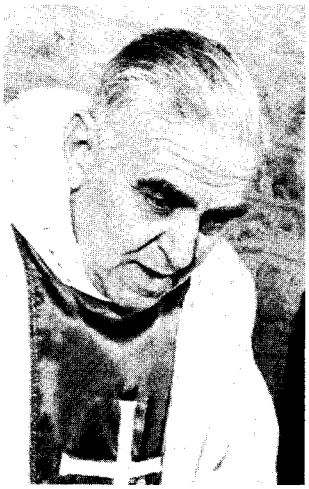
and abetting them. All sentences, however, were suspended.

It was after the second trial that Harry Bailey, then an employee of Christie's in Rome, is said to have become interested in the Lysippus. Giacomo Barbetti recalls that Harry Bailey made a trip to Gubbio to see a photograph of the masterpiece in 1967 or 1968. Bailey said he had "quite a lot of dealings over a period" with Barbetti "but not for a Lysippus." Harry Bailey, now an international representative for Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York, said, "The photos he usually showed me were bad. I don't think it could have possibly been the same piece. I was young and new in the game and was always looking for something big but never found it—except for some nice vases." He added, "Now I'm a vice-director of Sotheby's in New York and don't think I can comment on these things."



Don Giovanni Nangi hid the statue in his rectory.

THE J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM

The controversial Lysippus—portrait of a young athlete.

In contrast, Giacomo Barbetti can recall only one meeting with Bailey, and that was in connection with the Lysippus. But by then the Gubbio antiquarian had been edged out of dealings for the statue by his industrialist cousins and does not seem to know what happened afterward. He has only his suspicions. His cousin Pietro refuses to discuss the matter. "People better watch out what they say—or I'll sue."

It is almost certain that by 1967 the statue was no longer in Italy, though how it got out remains a mystery. One version is that the statue left Gubbio in a medical-supply shipment sent as a gift to a missionary in Brazil.

Most Italian antiques dealers agree that the clandestine export of even a 500-pound life-size bronze presents little problem. "I could give you the names of two people who would ship something like that out tomorrow," said one respectable Rome antiquarian. "It just costs money, that's all." As Elie Borowski says, "Look, if I wanted to legally export the Pope and his diadem out of Italy tomorrow, two telephone calls to Italy would do the trick instantly."

The Barbettis meanwhile were pressing on with legal proceedings in the hope of being acquitted. In May 1968 the case was heard before the Rome Court of Cassation. Their new lawyer, the late Senator Filippo Ungaro, by reputation the Perry Mason of Italian lawyers, based the defense on the simple argument that the statue itself had never been produced as evidence. The Court of Cassation sent the case to the Rome Appeal Court with the strong recommendation that all sentences should be quashed.

"*As the statue has not been presented, and therefore due to the impossibility of directly establishing if it was of artistic, historic, or archaeological interest or had been dug up or found by chance,* [or had been fished up in international waters], *the sentence should be annulled for lack of justification,*" recommended the court.

After five years of legal battles, at a cost of about 20 million lire ($22,280), the Barbettis and the priest were absolved in November 1970, by the Rome Appeals Court, with the judgment that "the facts do not constitute a crime."

Oddly, one key witness was never called to the stand. Alberto Minasi, who originally tipped off Rome authorities to the existence of the bronze, maintains he was "never officially questioned. I was not even called to the trial. It seems as though I was kept aside. I would have been prepared to swear about the statue and its real value."

The crux of the matter was that the statue had never been produced; thus, as one Italian lawyer said, "An elephant was disguised as a mouse." Another lawyer rolled his eyes heavenward and shrugged philosophically. "Italy was the cradle of law," he quoted, "now it is the tomb of justice."

BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE, five years after the statue disappeared, and within months of the Appeals Court verdict, the statue, "covered with God knows what in the way of accretions and encrustations," was seen in London by David Carrit, who runs the London office of Artemis, an international art consortium founded in 1970. Though Artemis specializes in Renaissance and post-Renaissance works, it couldn't turn down a unique Lysippus bronze.

David Carrit was not anxious to talk when I first telephoned him. "I am in what the Americans vulgarly call a 'no comment situation'," he said, and then handed the phone to his secretary to say "goodbye" and hang up. Later, however,

How the statue got out of Italy is a mystery. One version is that it was sent as a gift to a missionary in Brazil.

Carrit wanted to make clear that he had not been responsible for the Artemis purchase of the statue. "Having spoken to my lawyers, the answer really is 'no comment'," he began, but then he added, "I'll say just one small thing and that is that the company I work for was formed some time after any alleged offense [the possible illegal export of the statue from Italy] took place. We bought the object after taking very careful legal advice, and my only role in it has been to say if, when the accretions of the years have been removed, the statue turns out to be something fine, then splendid. But I don't even know the circumstances of the sale."

The statue was bought for Artemis in 1971 by Heinz Herzer, a Munich dealer, who reportedly said it came to him "from a South American collection." According to confidential information, the statue was sold to Herzer on a "decoy" contract. It is said to have been slipped in among several other items, as just another object. The contract was signed, alleged my informant (who later declined to divulge more information for fear of legal reprisals), by a third party who had nothing whatsoever to do with the business. Such a measure would not only help disguise the work's provenance, but would also protect the real seller against charges of smuggling the statue out of Italy. The informant claimed that at the time of sale Herzer made out a check in dollars, as a guarantee, and later paid the other half in Swiss francs. Both checks, he said, were drawn on a Zurich bank. Artemis is said to have paid $700,000.

The statue was then taken to Heinz Herzer's Munich studio for restoration; the work is said to have taken one year. It was offered to European and American museums, as well as to some of the world's wealthiest private collectors, among them Norton Simon, the millionaire collector and museum owner. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York was also interested, and the museum's director, Thomas Hoving, inspected the bronze in Munich in December 1972. "I looked at it for a long while," he said. "I touched it all over, its face,

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the underside of its arms and its legs. It was a great visual experience." In March 1973 he told the *New York Times* that the Met would only consider buying the bronze if it had clear title. It was not the price, then $3.5 million, which put the Metropolitan off, but the still reverberating scandal that had been caused by the Met's acquisition the previous year of the million-dollar Euphronios Greek vase, which Italians claimed had been looted from an Etruscan tomb and smuggled out of Italy. The Metropolitan apparently felt it could not risk another impassioned debate about the ethics of art dealings and museum acquisitions.

THE MAIN CONTENDER FOR the masterpiece was J. Paul Getty. Elie Borowski says Getty phoned him in the spring of 1972. "I know from reports," said Getty, "that you have seen the piece. Is it Greek?" Although his lawyer's letter had been presented to the Perugia court in 1965 saying the same statue could be a fake, Borowski today says that he advised Getty in 1972 not to pay more than $2 million for it. Getty visited Herzer's Munich studio in December and was determined to acquire the beautiful bronze for his Malibu museum.

However, he was not satisfied that Artemis had title to sell it, for he consulted the Graziadei law firm in Rome. Vittorio Grimaldi, a Graziadei lawyer, would only say that his advice has been based on "complicated particularities." When asked if the 1970 Rome Appeal Court verdict was sufficient to give the statue legal title of sale outside Italy, Grimaldi replied he did not think it was a guarantee, but added, "An international lawyer could make a good case."

In 1973 when news leaked out that the statue was in Munich, the young Gubbio magistrate, Sergio Matteini Chiari, opened an investigation into "persons unknown" for clandestine export. This investigation led nowhere. Heinz Herzer declined to cooperate and Bavarian authorities refused to let Italian police question him. Reluctantly the magistrate closed the case.

In November 1977, a year after Getty's death, the Getty Museum trustees paid Artemis $3.9 million for the Lysippus. Artemis and the museum have claimed all along that their legal title to the Lysippus was in order, yet both have declined to say on what grounds they base their claim. Jiri Frel, curator of antiquities at the museum, even went so far as to say there is no proof the statue was ever in Italy. "You are all the time speaking about exit permits but you have to demonstrate to me that the Lysippus was anywhere when it went to England," he insisted. "Because I think that the law of every country says that people are innocent until proven guilty."

The Getty Museum finally paid $3.9 million for the masterpiece.

Finally, however, Norris Bramlett, administrative assistant to the president of Getty Oil and vice-chairman of the Getty Museum board of trustees, told me the museum's right to title is based on the 1970 Rome Appeal Court judgment and that this verdict proved the statue never properly belonged to Italy. "It was, you might say, in transit through Italy," he claimed. "It was never a part of Italian culture."

'If the statue had remained in Italy,' says Borowski, 'it would still be lying, uncleaned, in some cellar, rotting.'

Bramlett was under the impression that the court had also exonerated the three Barbettis of having illegally exported the statue. This is not true. The Barbettis were never tried for illegal export. As far as the court knew, the statue might still have been in Italy. The court, in short, was unable to conclude where it had been found and was also duped into ruling that the bronze could not be proved to be of "artistic, historic, or archaeological value."

Italian police are still attempting to unravel the story of the statue's passage through Italy. Caught up in bureaucratic inefficiency and interdepartmental rivalries, they are also hampered by an art world that surrounds itself with an almost impenetrable wall of silence, as effective as the *omertà* of the Mafia.

Renato Merli, who missed acquiring the statue by hours in 1964, claims that after he collaborated with Rome police last year he received anonymous phone calls telling him to keep quiet. Alberto Minasi says, "I don't know why I'm talking about it. If people see things getting out of hand they are capable of taking action." Minasi travels armed.

In the small fishermen's bar facing the Fano harbor, the atmosphere becomes tense when an outsider brings up the subject of the statue. "We can't talk," said one fisherman. "It would be dangerous."

Though the Lysippus saga began over 2,000 years ago, it may not be finished. "It's a bit like Saint Anthony's chain," said one Rome antiquarian and well-known seller of fakes. "It's been around a long way." This dealer was himself briefly involved with the Lysippus 15 years ago as an unsuccessful intermediary. "But it was beautiful...the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. If I could have, I would have sold my house, my wife, and my children to buy it."

"If the statue had remained in Italy," says Elie Borowski, "it would still be lying, uncleaned, in some cellar, rotting. I lost a million-dollar profit, but I'm happy the statue is now in the Paul Getty Museum." His Polish-accented voice is cantankerous and impatient. "I repeat, if this statue hadn't been found by some people who wanted to make pennies, and some other people who came along who wanted to make more pennies, and even other people who came along who wanted to be rich...if these three things hadn't happened, the statue would be lying in some cellar in Italy—rotting away. You have the point?" ◉

Bryan Rostron is a British journalist. Additional research by Cara Ryan and Dalbert Hallenstein.

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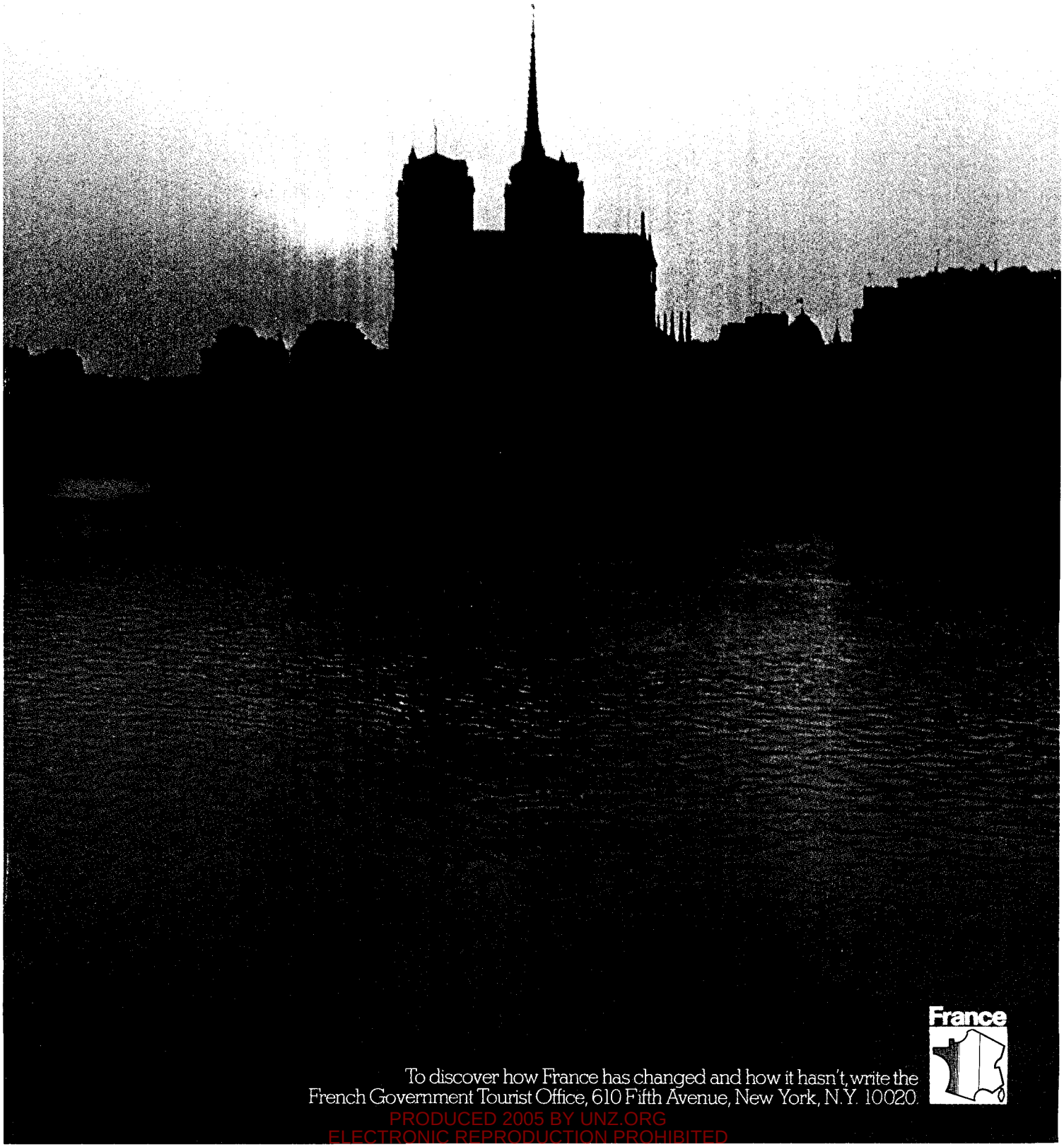

France

To discover how France has changed and how it hasn't, write the French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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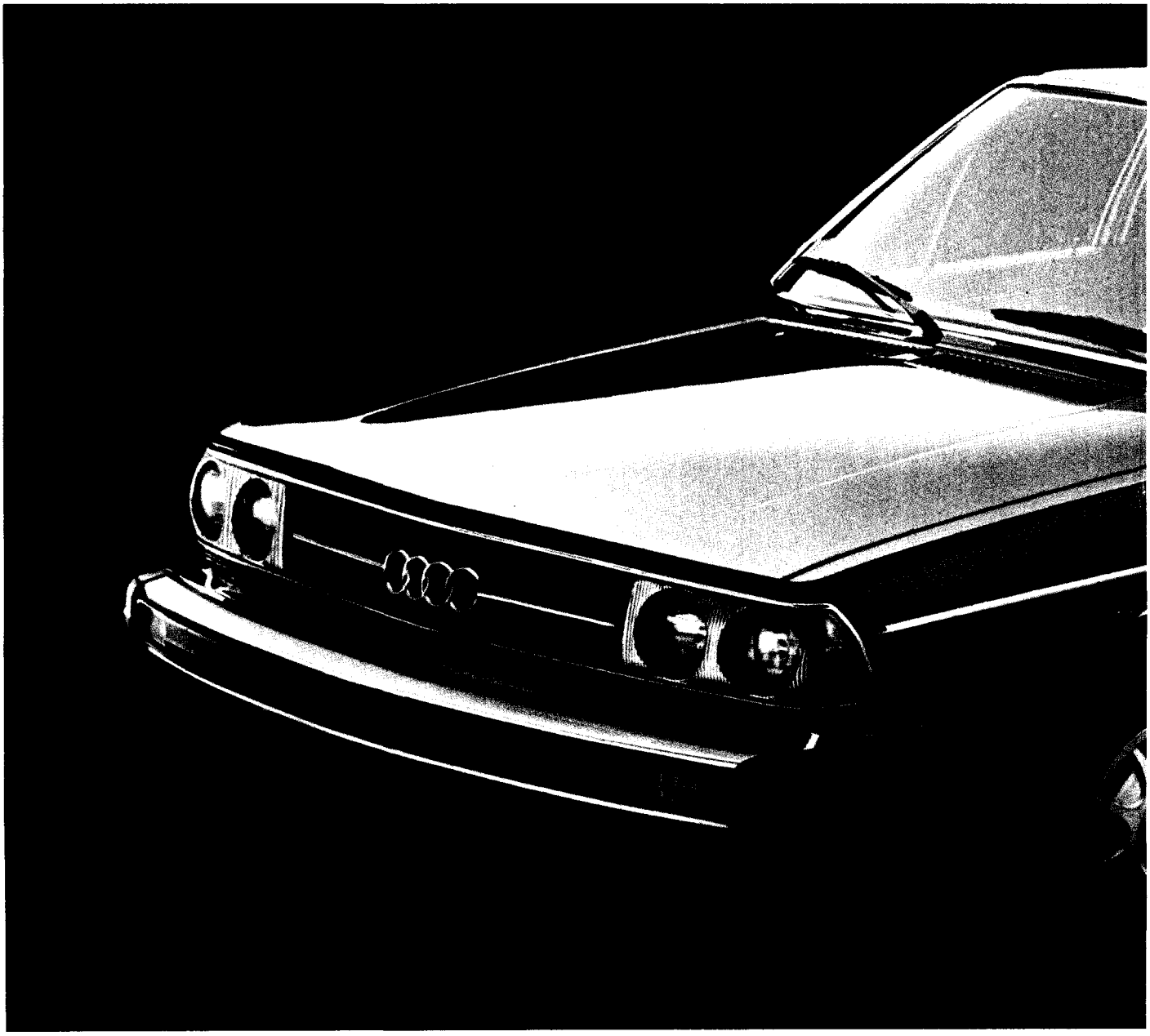

To be singled out by ROAD & TRACK as one of the "10 Best Cars for a Changed World, 1978" is no small honor. This is not an annual affair, as you will note from these observations in their June 1978 issue:

"Times change. People change. Priorities change. Cars change. That in a few words is the rationale behind this list of Ten Best Cars. The last time the R&T editorial staff thought the time was right for selecting a Best Cars list was exactly three years ago. And before then you have to go back to August 1971—nearly seven years ago..."

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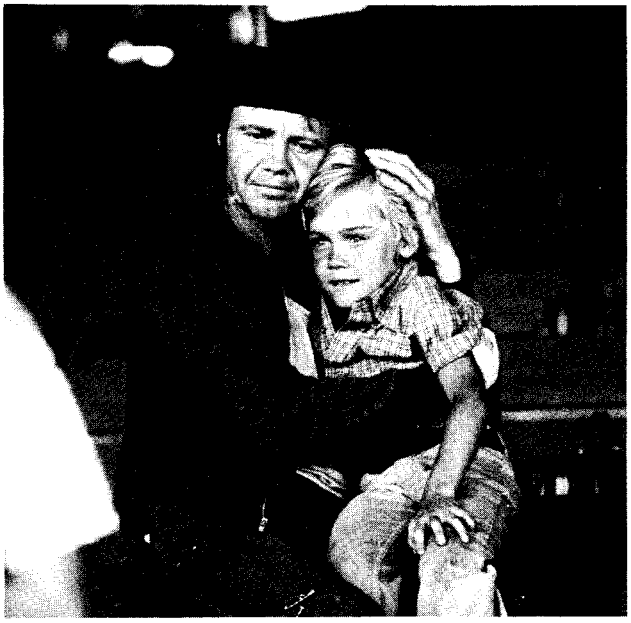
LOOKOUTS

Tug-O-Boy

Jackie Cooper charmed everyone's heart in it; Wallace Beery won an Academy Award for it. Jon Voight and Ricky Schroder are hoping for as much in Franco Zeffirelli's revitalized version of King Vidor's 1931 film *The Champ* (MGM). In his American film debut, the Italian director focuses on the relationships between an ex-boxing champ (Voight); his former wife (Faye Dunaway), a prominent international fashion consultant; and their son (Ricky Schroder), who is caught between two definitions of parental devotion. Voight, now a stablehand, hopes to retain his son's adoration by training for a championship comeback (under the watchful eye of Jimmy Gambino, who orchestrated the *Rocky* boxing sequences), while Dunaway vies for their son's affection by exposing him to the alluring world of fashion.

Contrasting the glamour of Miami's fashion elite and Hialeah Racetrack's sleek stables to the ramshackle quarters and existence of the ex-champ, Zeffirelli thoughtfully explores the effects of a broken marriage and professional success on a family.



Ricky Schroder as son of down-but-not-out boxer, Jon Voight.

King and Queen *(1952/53) at their best—outdoors.*

More Moore

"There is no background to sculpture better than the sky, because you are contrasting solid form with its opposite space." Taking his cue from these words of Henry Moore, Geoffrey Shakerley photographed 80 of the 80-year-old sculptor's outdoor pieces for *Henry Moore: Sculptures in a Landscape* (Potter/Crown). Both Shakerley's book and the forthcoming *Henry Moore: The Artist at Work* (Times Books, August) will join *Sculpture and Environment* (Abrams, 1977), on which Moore and photographer David Finn collaborated, as useful compendiums of the artist's scattered works.

The Arch *(1963/69)*

Death by Mistake

C.D.B. Bryan's *Friendly Fire* (1976), the story of a couple's struggle to unravel the mystery behind their son's death in Vietnam, focused on a particularly tragic aspect of the Vietnam war. For Michael Mullen was killed by friendly, or American, fire when a misdirected defense weapon hit him. Adding to the family's loss, the awful truth was shrouded in euphemistic officialese.

On April 1, ABC will air a three-hour adaptation of this moving account—starring Carol Burnett, Ned Beatty, and Sam Waterston—of the ultimate senselessness in the most senseless of wars.

Waterston as writer Bryan, Burnett and Beatty as parents.

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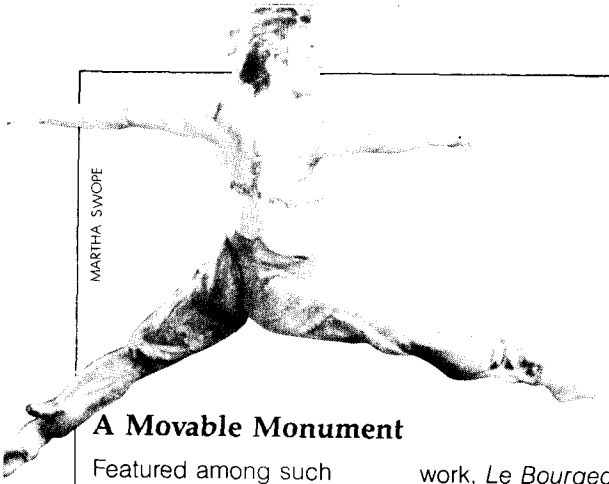
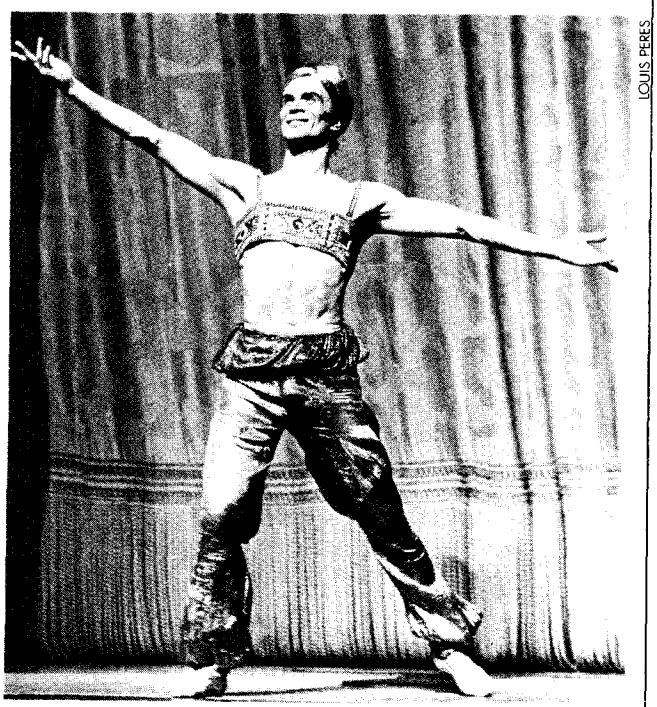


MARTHA SWOPE

A Movable Monument

Featured among such familiar tourists' monuments as the Parthenon, the canals of Venice, the Sphinx, and the Arc de Triomphe in TWA's spring travel brochure is a monument that moves, in every sense of the word—namely, Nureyev. On April 8 (and in six subsequent performances that month) he'll be appearing—for the first time—in a Balanchine work, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (music by Richard Strauss), at the New York State Theater. He'll have May to himself, but will be spending June with the London Festival Ballet. We'll be getting Nureyev back in July when he will be performing at the New York State Theater (first with the National Ballet of Canada, then with other "Friends").



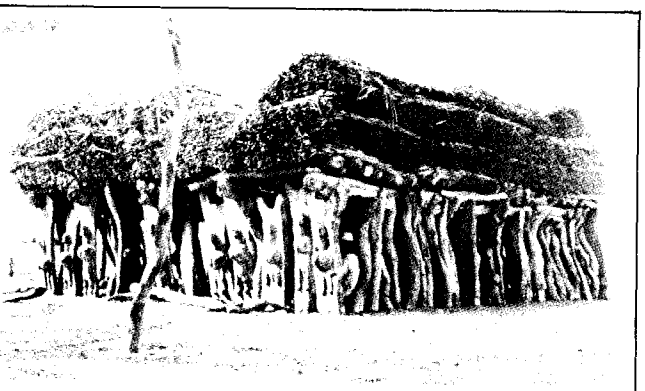
LOUIS PERES

Nureyev in Scheherazade*—As tourist-luring as the Parthenon.*

Museum Piece

The museum business is booming. Since 1950, the equivalent of 14 Louvres have been built in the U.S. King Tut is a matinee idol, and the interurban rivalry for artistic directors, masterpieces, and funding is generating front-page headlines.

In his new book, *The Art Museum: Power, Money, Ethics* (Morrow), *SR* television critic Karl E. Meyer examines the state of the art institution in America. The product of a three-year investigation, the book is an invaluable handbook for all those who are curious to know what goes on beyond those pictured walls.



An East African loaf-shaped hut of the Masai people.

Housework

That the interiors of our houses should express our self-image (or the image we want to present to the world) is obvious. But the major influences of our lives and philosophies on the exterior architecture of our houses are more subtle. According to Colin Duly, domestic dwellings in fact provide the best illustration of the structure of tribal life, which is why he chose huts (and related structures) for his study, *The Houses of Mankind* (Thames and Hudson). In this profusely illustrated book Duly discusses domestic architecture—from Eurasian Lapp homes and gers (which are now made with plastic rather than animal hides) to American tepees—over the last four centuries. He tells us, for instance, that isolated cultures whose economy is just about at the subsistence level will rarely value innovation and novelty. As their economic well-being rises, so does the wish to ornament and more intricately design their huts—and to make their neighbors green as their front lawns with envy.

Eurasian portable tent—felt dome ger, also called a yurt.

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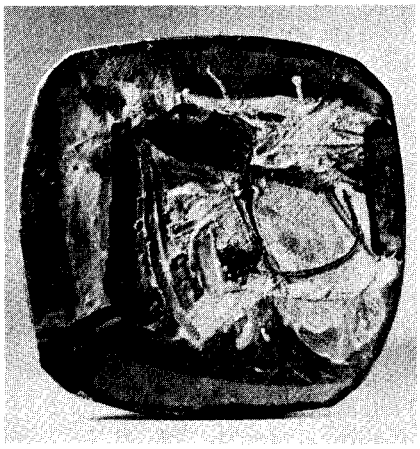
VOULKOS CLAY REVOLUTIONARY

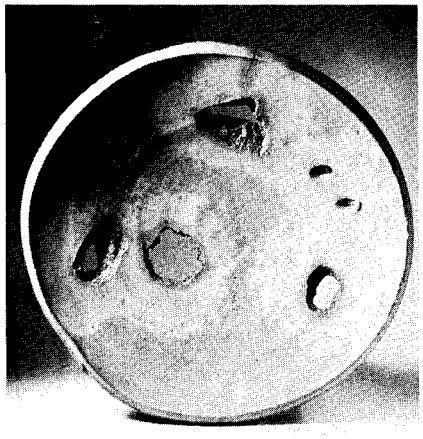
by Vicki Goldberg

PETER VOULKOS. Many don't even know the name, yet he has been called one of the most important artists in America today. "I would consider him a hero, like a Picasso," says Paul J. Smith, Director of the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York. "What he did was a little like what Pollock did. His influence is worldwide, and in terms of that influence, he is one of the major artists working in clay in our century." *Clay* is the difficult word; in most vocabularies it means craft rather than art, and therefore hasn't a high-class sound. Voulkos has been instrumental in battering down the art-craft class distinction. His work has been seen recently in a retrospective show that traveled from San Francisco to Houston and New York and is in Milwaukee from February 27 to April 15. The first book on Voulkos, *Peter Voulkos* (New York Graphic Society with American Crafts Council), by Rose Slivka, accompanies the show.

Voulkos earned a place in history when he sparked a revolution in ceramics. In the mid-Fifties, when he first cut loose, a lot of people were questioning and exploring; the rebellious impulse spread like a forest fire. Today some of his early pieces look oddly old hat—partly because the aesthetic he brought to ceramics depends heavily on other, better-known arts, and partly because his potent influence stamped that aesthetic on ceramics some time ago, and some of his students and peers have since gone on to newer modes. Voulkos liberated ceramics from its traditional forms and uses, throwing pots with wobbly shapes that squatted awkwardly atop each other, and vases that were drunkenly asymmetrical. He added slabs of clay that rudely cut across wheel-thrown elements or stuck out at odd angles. Whereas the surface decoration of vases had always been integral but secondary to overall form, Voulkos's paint has a life of its own, rushing across shapes without much respect for their individual integrity. In 1958 he began making abstract ceramic sculpture on a nearly unprecedented scale, starting with a piece that stood 5 feet 8 inches tall. His style was inspired by abstract expressionism, and like that movement abandoned European and oriental traditions.



Plate, *1959—A startling immediacy.*



Plate, *1973—Primitive lyricism.*

His earliest work stayed well within the classical framework but was already exceptional; while he was still in college in Montana he was winning national prizes. He taught at Black Mountain College in 1953, and went immediately afterwards to New York, where he met Kline, de Kooning, Pollock, Rothko, and others, who changed his life, his eye, his art. In Los Angeles the next year he founded the ceramics department at the Otis Art Institute, and drove the stylistic wedge that would open the way to a movement. He was soon making container forms that were not containers: vases with holes cut in the sides, plates with erratic shapes and jagged rims, and, by the Sixties, huge pots that were gouged and slashed with the holes stopped up from behind with porcelain or clay, as if some race of giants had slapped them together in driving haste. (He said later that his pots grew so large because he didn't know much about ceramics and misread the scale of photographs, and thought that some six-inch pots were three feet tall.) Voulkos's work has a startling immediacy that photographs do not convey. Some look as if volcanoes had thrown them and others as if glaciers had ridden them, but all convey a sense that whoever or whatever made them had done so at top speed and set them down just a few minutes ago.

The works were controversial. Traditional potters canceled their subscriptions to *Craft Horizons* when Voulkos's work was first published. The pots were, and are, crude (though not in manufacture), and the energy in them impolitely naked. The brightly colored, epoxy-painted pieces look slightly vulgar even today. His cantilevered conglomerations of forms are sometimes merely bulbous, ungainly redactions of contemporary sculpture, but the best pieces harness his stampeding energy. The dark sculpture of the late Fifties, with surfaces that looked charred, offers up its insides through deep mouths or jaws gaping along its length—Voulkos says he pokes holes in them to let the dark out. Voulkos also painted for years, not particularly originally, and in the Sixties did enormous bronzes that are playful and intelligent, if largely derivative.

In the late Sixties and early Seven-

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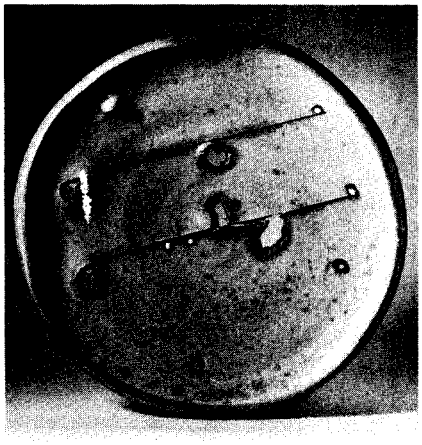
ties he consolidated all his gains in ceramics and did a series of clay works that, though neither so revolutionary nor so abstract expressionist as before, carried a new beauty and authority. Vases darkly glazed with iron, or clear-glazed, radiate the dignity and quiet power of primitive utensils for ritual use. A sequence of plates he began in 1972 and thinks of as drawings are so powerful and assured that they hold in equilibrium slashes and holes, half-torn rims and small plugs of porcelain, and achieve a tranquil lyricism.

The liberation of clay that Voulkos in large part inspired was one element in a general craft revolution in the



Plate, *1976—Tranquil yet assured.*

Fifties. Fiber and glass also broke free; wall hangings sprouted and grew into three-dimensional objects, glass vases put on the shapes of abstraction and the demeanor of sculpture.

For years Voulkos has carried the tidings on ceramics across the country, teaching in workshops and giving demonstrations. He is said to have taught over 10,000 students, and his influence long ago spread to Europe and has even helped turn Japanese ceramics in new directions. Yet it is only quite recently that the art press began paying him any attention.

Voulkos is one of those artists who are forcing us to reconsider the art-craft hierarchies. A Voulkos sculpture is manifestly a sculpture, whether cast in bronze or fired in a kiln, and his plates and vases defy arbitrary distinctions. Artists in the Renaissance fought hard to be separated from and elevated above craftsmen; now certain craftsmen are quietly bidding to be united with artists again. Voulkos himself claims to have done a little to bring the decorative and the fine arts closer together. His bold, uneven work substantiates that claim. ◉

Vicki Goldberg is an art historian and a contributing editor of American Photographer.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH SCHOPPLEIN

Vase *(26½"), 1964—Peter Voulkos's works of the early Sixties—gouged and slashed, with erratic shapes and jagged rims—looked as if they were slapped together by a race of giants.*

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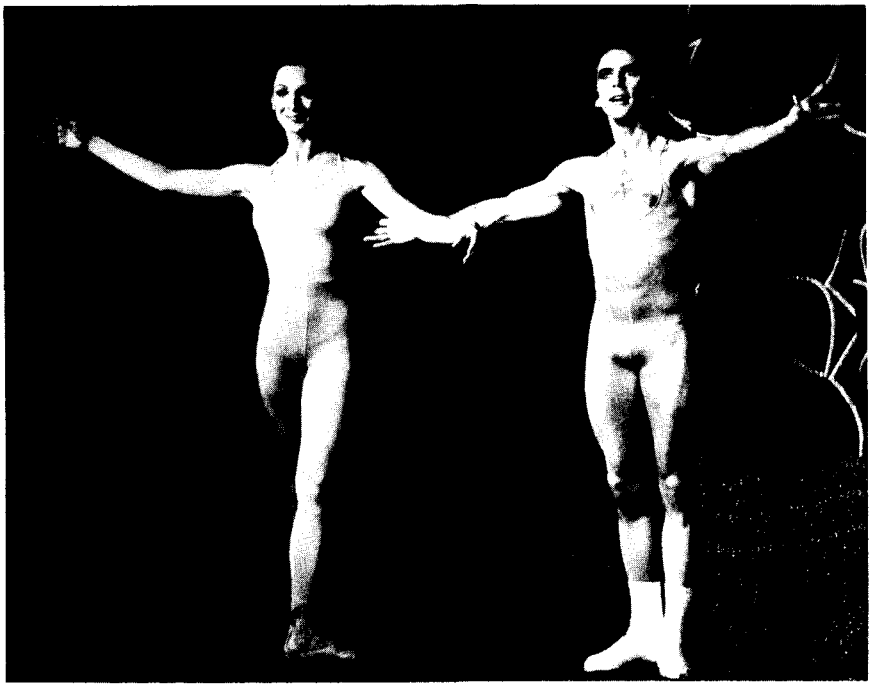
Prince Charming Retires



Gregory and Nagy in the Pas de Deux from Concerto*— together for the last time.*

IVAN!" EXCLAIMED Michael Lland, ballet master of the American Ballet Theatre. "I just realized that this class may be your last with the company. Can it be true?" Ivan Nagy, a principal dancer of ABT and one of the great *premiers danseurs nobles* of this golden age of ballet, confirmed the fact. Martha Johnson, pianist for the company classes in the studio at Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., shifted her ballet music theme into "Auld Lang Syne" without losing a beat. Cynthia Gregory, Natalia Makarova, Gelsey Kirkland—three ballerinas whom Nagy had partnered superlatively on many occasions—smiled or giggled along with the other members of ABT. For everyone knew that Ivan Nagy, 35 years old, would give the final performance of his illustrious career that very evening.

Yes, everyone knew about Nagy's decision, though no one wanted to believe it. All of his colleagues loved him as fellow artist and friend; he had shared leading roles with other members of the company and even celebrated guest artists, and never displayed either jealousy or bitterness. Besides, the thought of retirement itself is scary. Some of his fellow dancers must have secretly said to themselves, "How long do *I* have?"

On December 15, 1978, I, along with a wildly enthusiastic audience, watched Nagy dance Act IV of the brightly classical *La Bayadère* with Marianna Tcherkassky; the finely etched lines of the Pas de Deux from the contemporary *Concerto* (by Kenneth MacMillan) with Cynthia Gregory; Act II of the world's most popular ballet, *Swan Lake*, with Natalia Makarova; the last act of that keystone of romantic ballet, *La Sylphide*, with Gelsey Kirkland. The loss of Nagy to the art of dancing struck me full force. Ivan recently commented, "The day I began to dance I knew it would be a short career." At six, he started ballet lessons with his mother in his native Hungary, and at nine he began his training at the National Opera in Budapest. At 17, he joined the State Opera Ballet in the same city. In 1965, at 22, he won the Silver Medal at the International Ballet Competition in Varna, Bulgaria, where he was seen by Frederic Franklin, director of Washington's now defunct National Ballet.

The rest of Nagy's story is well known. He became a principal with the National, ignored instructions from the Hungarian government to return home and defected to the West, appeared with the New York City Ballet for a short period, joined the American Ballet Theatre in 1968. In 1977, Nagy, who had achieved international prestige and never spoken a word against his homeland, was given a diplomatic passport by Hungary recognizing dual—Australian (his wife is Australian) and Hungarian—citizenship, the first major defector from a Communist country to be so reinstated. (See *SR* August 20, 1977.)

In a decade with ABT, Nagy danced the leading roles in eight full-length ballets and in 29 one-act ballets and pas de deux. In guest appearances with England's Dame Margot Fonteyn, Italy's Carla Fracci, and in other artistic associations, he mastered still other roles. Can, or should, this accumulated knowledge, this vast performing experience, this very special and widely acclaimed talent be lost to ballet?

Though Nagy is not ready to divulge his plans for the future, he will say that the dancing days are definitely over. "I am getting bald; in a few years my tummy will be getting bigger and my legs will get skinnier. I don't think that adds up to the ideal Prince Charming!"

The handsome Magyar, noted for his irreverent remarks (particularly about himself), has his serious side. Married and the father of two daughters, he says, "Once you are married you have another life. You become less selfish and more responsible—before I married I knew only dance as a way of life. Yes, I know that 35 is an early age to retire from dance, but I have done it for a reason. I never reached the level I set for myself and it is too late now.

"But in spite of my technical limitations, I worked very hard and made a good career for myself. I was respected. I'm leaving the stage while I'm at my best. I don't want to stay and have people watch me going down or think of me as a piece from the waxworks museum! Hanging up my dancing shoes at 35, I'm still a young man ready to start out all over again."

The close of the dancer's career was celebrated in gala style. Nagy danced brilliantly with his four ballerinas; flowers were showered upon him from all quarters of the theater, the ovation lasted nearly half an hour; at one curtain call, the four ladies (on the in-

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stigation of Miss Gregory) and Lucia Chase, ABT's artistic director, picked up Nagy and carried him in front of the curtain for a "supported" bow. Commented Gregory, "Well, he's lifted all of us for years and I thought it should be *his* turn."

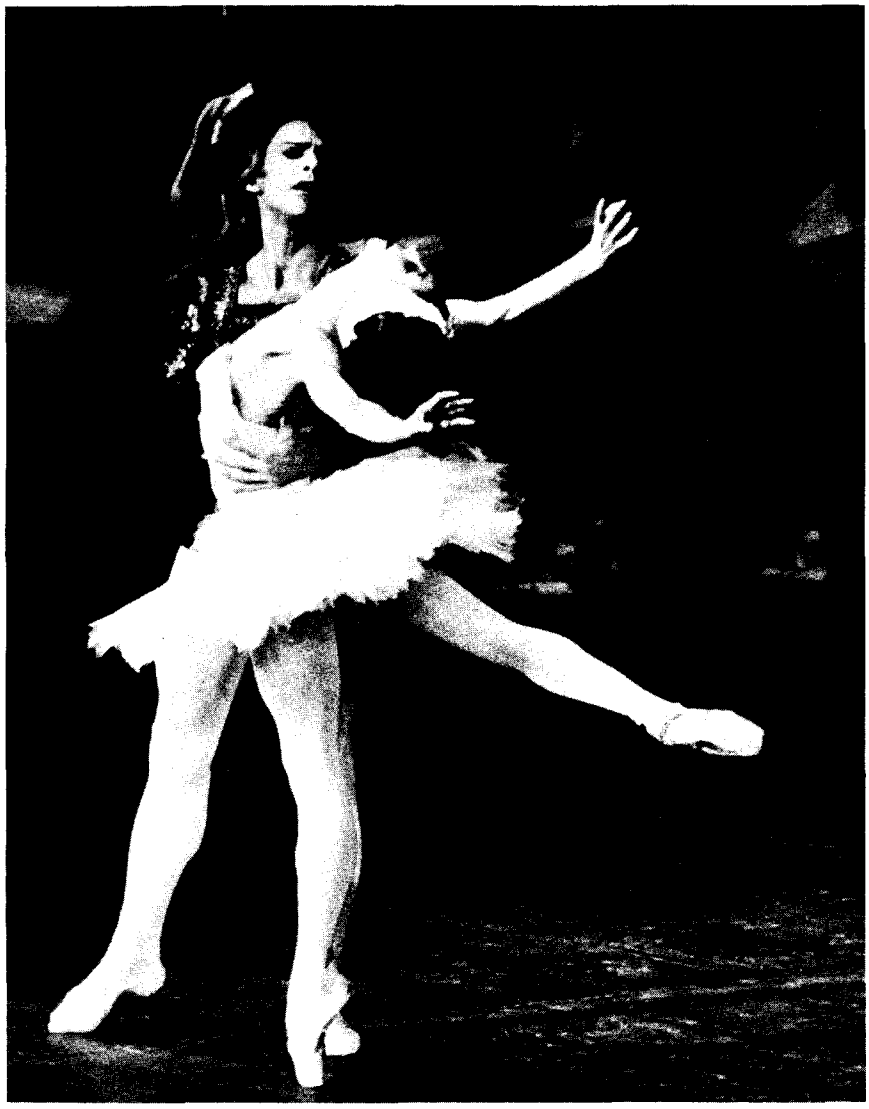
Nagy not only lifted his dancers physically, but supported them artistically. A few months earlier, in her dressing room after the incredibly difficult Act III of *Swan Lake*, Gregory had turned to her husband, John Hemminger, and said, "When Ivan looks at me on stage I can do anything."

If Nagy elects to do any teaching or coaching of young dancers in the future, it is very possible that he will be able to inspire them similarly. But does he want to stay in the ballet world? When he announced his forthcoming retirement almost two years ago, the rumor spread that he would open a Hungarian restaurant in New York. His reply: "Hungarian food is lovely once a year. A daily diet? It would kill you." He is, however, looking into business investments and he owns "a weekend home" 3,000 miles away, in Majorca. He is determined to maintain a high standard of living for his wife, the former ballerina Marilyn Burr, and his children.

But he has not completely ruled out a nondancing career in the world of ballet. Of course, if he had remained in Hungary or been a member of any royal or state theater, he would have moved easily from dancing to some other ballet post and retired on a substantial pension. America does not yet provide such support for its artists. But Nagy would not be willing to teach on the terms of most American dance schools—which are basically that whoever pays tuition gets a lesson. Nagy would teach only in a ballet academy of European mold, where students are selected by audition and where they study not only dance but also mime, acting, music, painting, literature, history, fencing, and other subjects. "The Iron Curtain countries, I must say, do it right. But I would not go back. My reasons are not political at all—they never have been. I want to be in New York as much as possible because for me, New York is the center of the world."

The public will never again see Ivan Nagy as the flawless cavalier to a battery of ballerinas, as the perfect Prince Charming, as an oily Iago in *The Moor's Pavane*, as a poignantly ardent Romeo. But perhaps an American ballet institution of national stature will decide to establish a professional academy on European terms (there have been a few modest attempts here in America). Then the remarkable artistry of Ivan Nagy might not come to an end. "Dancers," says Nagy in a moment of deadly seriousness, "have brains, not just legs." The world of dance has now lost Ivan Nagy's legs. Why should it lose the benefits of his brilliant mind? It is available to today's dance and dancers. Why should a restaurant, Hungarian or otherwise, be permitted to grab him?

—Walter Terry



Nagy and Natalia Makarova in Act II of Swan Lake *in his final performance.*

Ivan Nagy—Handsome, irreverent.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN CARAS

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Shakespeare for White Liberals

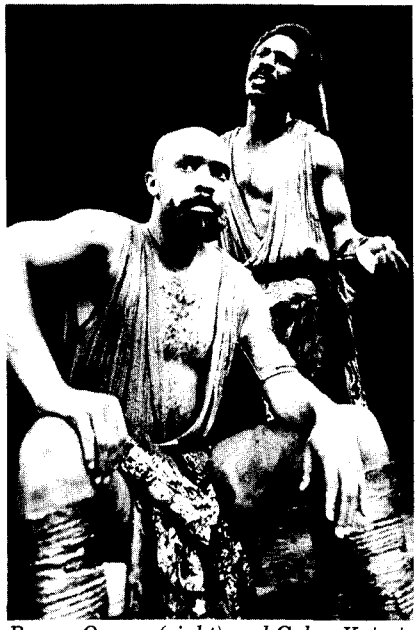
JOSEPH PAPP, the powerful producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, can be so arbitrary and so troublemaking for himself that one might suspect him of harboring a self-destruct mechanism—or at least of needing a crisis. This trait is never more apparent than when he is goading the white, middle-class liberals who support his Public Theater complex, and he goads them all the time. Since, as he concedes, he is himself a white, middle-class liberal, the psychological circle is complete.

The latest of Mr. Papp's whimsical hostilities toward the hands that feed him happened to offend the theater itself, making it a drama critic's concern. For he decided to create a Shakespeare repertory company exclusively with black and Hispanic actors.

One presumably makes such decisions for sociological, not theatrical reasons. But sociological in what sense? We might assume Papp meant to help introduce Shakespeare to those mired in New York's ghettos. An alienated black or Hispanic youngster would indeed be more comfortable watching his first Shakespeare if it were played by his own people. But Papp's isn't a touring company. It does not travel to the blacks in Harlem, or the Hispanics in New York's Barrio, let alone to ghettos in other cities. It performs at Papp's downtown Public Theater, where the audiences are overwhelmingly white and educated and able to afford the luxury of theatergoing. So Papp's nonwhite Shakespeare isn't really for minority groups.

Forgoing suspicion, why else might such a company have been reasonably created? To give black and Hispanic actors a chance to catch up? They have, after all, been long deprived of professional opportunities and experience. But if so, why present the productions as finished works? Besides, as presented, the emphasis has been on keeping the accents that handicap black and Hispanic (like any other) untrained actors.

Still another reason for such a company could have been to eliminate the token integration of hiring one or two nonwhite actors in minor parts. Tokenism is especially regrettable in theater. Sometimes, when directors do hire actors only to integrate a company, they overlook accents or inexperience that they wouldn't tolerate in white actors. The black actor then sticks out like a sore thumb and the tokenism becomes theatrically as well as morally bothersome. But this problem would be solved if such directors held *all* actors to the same standards. That is the least any professional deserves. The many superior American black actors should, need to, can, and must be considered for all parts on their merits as actors.



BERT ANDREWS

Roscoe Orman (right) and Gylan Kain in ethnic Julius Caesar.

An audience has no problem accepting a black Cordelia, say, as the daughter of a white Lear; or a black Polonius as the father of a white Ophelia. Such violations of reality are impossible when a play has a contemporary setting, but period plays such as Shakespeare's are so stylized that we do not judge them according to our own realism. After all, it's hardly usual for characters to speak blank verse.

So we come to the main point: There is something actively offensive about a black and Hispanic company. It is based primarily on race, not theatrical qualification. Even the racism of it is uninformed. Why blacks and Hispanics? They are as racially distinct as blacks and whites. This plan of Papp's smells of the Archie Bunkerism that anyone who isn't white is "colored."

But perhaps Papp's notion was more successful in practice. Well, the first production was *Julius Caesar*. The director was Michael Langham, one of the world's finest directors of Shakespeare and certainly the best in America. Langham succeeded Tyrone Guthrie twice, first as artistic director of Canada's Stratford Festival and then at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. He was the obvious choice to take over New York's troubled Lincoln Center theater, the Vivian Beaumont, but what in the world was he doing directing Joseph Papp's exercise in misguided liberalism? And for that matter, why did Papp choose a white director? Papp lends credibility to a conservative's idea of the liberal—predictable and hypocritical.

But class shows. Given the task of presenting *Caesar* on the small stage of Papp's Anspacher Theater, with a cast chosen first because of race, Langham still came up with a production of essentially professional quality. Most of the company were drilled in movement, in elocution, in the reading of blank verse as plausible dialogue between characters. Langham's choreography of the action was smooth, his stage pictures clean and handsome.

Unfortunately, however, the actor playing Caesar was encouraged to stress the stereotypical accents of the ghetto black and the actor playing Mark Antony was encouraged to stress Puerto Rican accents. The result was a Redd Foxx-Freddy Prinze, or Amos 'n' Andy-José Jiménez routine. A joke?

Whoever is to blame—Papp or Langham—the idea was either perverse or dumb. It is hard to believe that Papp or Langham or anyone literate enough to vote would seriously want black and Spanish ghetto accents stressed in a production of Shakespeare. Perhaps if *all* the company stressed accents, or perhaps if the accents were at least similar, some rationale might apply, but to have everyone Elizabethan except a superblack Caesar and a super-Hispanic Antony is genuinely bizarre. It was as bizarre as the white middle-class audience who obediently applauded. Could Papp have been trying to make fools of them? Does he think he is less a fool because he can jeer at the liberals? He is only another kind of stereotypical liberal. The theater is no place for this nonsense.

—**Martin Gottfried**

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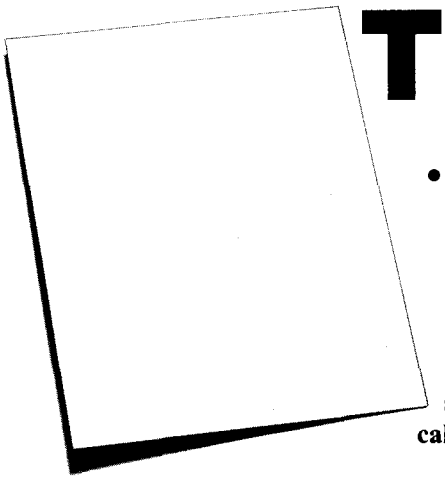

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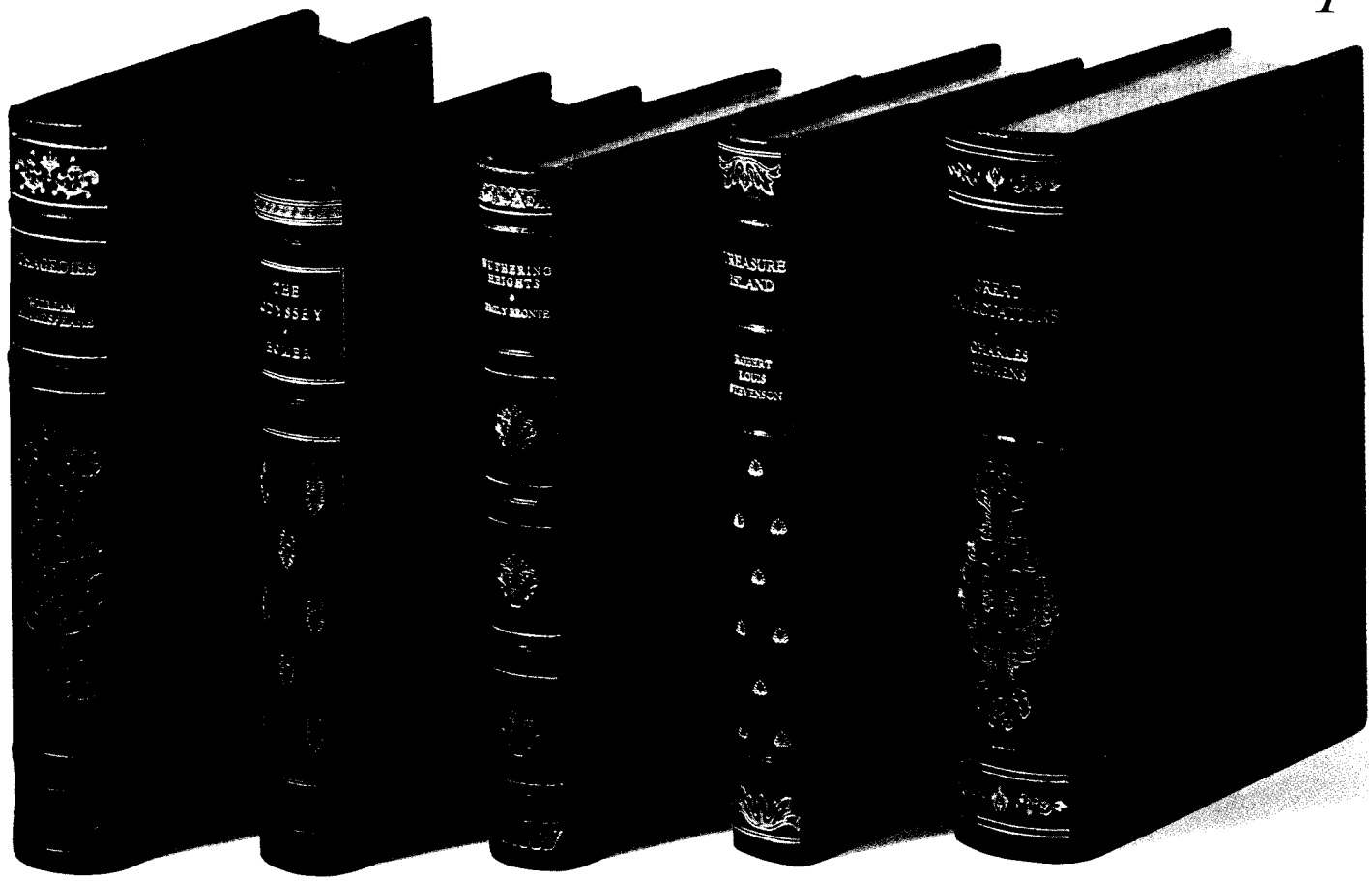

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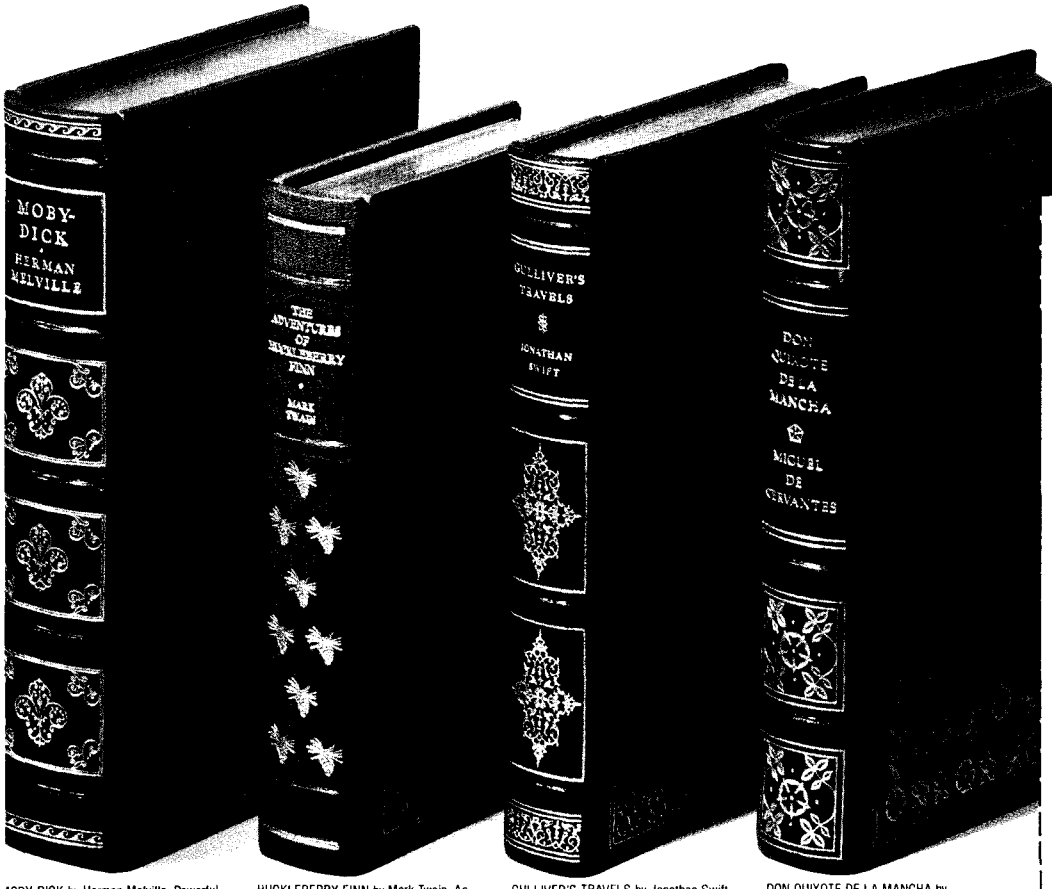

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Pearls in the Trash

SINCE THIS television season has been the most Gadarene of all, sanity dictates that at some point we wallow like contented hogs in the one commodity that abounds on prime time—trash. What junk shows have in common is their amiable imbecility. Plots are as disposable as box tops, and the dialogue is basic Candygram, as in "na-nu, na-nu," which, as every trash devotee knows, is how Mork the Orkan says hello.

To my mind, ABC's *Mork and Mindy* is the classiest of the lot—the very best garbage in the trough. Now a Thursday fixture in the 8 to 8:30 PM slot, *Mork* provides an unlikely showcase for the outsize talent of Robin Williams, who is to the typical junk television performer what Horowitz is to Liberace. In one sense, the 27-year-old Williams is the perfect choice to play a vagrant spy from the planet Ork; his own gifts are extraterrestrial. Wisely, the producers have allowed Williams to improvise as much as a third of his material, and the element of unpredictability gives a glittering edge to his oddball spiels.

Williams is supposed to be an innocent alien who lands in Boulder, Colorado, where he becomes the housemate of Mindy (played by Pam Dauber), a squeaky-clean schoolteacher. But in what is a triumph of Mork over medium, Williams, who has the most insinuating leer since Groucho Marx, adds a satyr's knowingness to the family-hour scripts.

What Williams can't overcome is the trash formula, which imprisons a basic situation in permafrost. In a line stretching from *Mister Ed* and *My Favorite Martian* to *Happy Days* and *Laverne & Shirley* (the latter two produced by the team responsible for *Mork and Mindy*), the same essential joke is endlessly recycled. The possibility for surprise is zero. Until the final episode, we may be sure that Mindy will remain cutesy chaste, and that whatever goes on between her and Mork will be consummated only in our minds. For all his virtuosity, Robin Williams is a Horowitz condemned to playing chop*shtiks*.

Lacking surprise, we must make do with special effects, and the trash prize in this category surely goes to *The Incredible Hulk*, which premiered last spring on CBS and which is presently on view Fridays from 8 to 9 PM. Of all comic-book transplants, this seems to me the most successful. Bodybuilder Lou Ferrigno (a.k.a. Mr. Universe, Mr. International, and Mr. America) pumps real iron into the Marvel comics character.

Pam Dauber as squeaky-clean Mindy, Robin Williams as satyr-innocent Mork from Ork.

Bill Bixby and Lou Ferrigno as the Incredible Hulk, before and after.

The story-line is negligible. David Bruce Banner (Bill Bixby) is a scientist who, because of a radiation experiment that misfired, turns into a superhuman monster whenever he is angry. So Banner wanders through the world in search of a cure, even though his alter ego seems capable only of doing such good works as exposing child molesters and evil disco proprietors.

The high point of each show, heralded by an oceanic roar, is the transformation of Bixby into Ferrigno; his eyes turn into milky agates, his skin turns green, and his muscles puff out like knockwurst. It is the fulfillment of every 97-pound weakling's dream. The Hulk—a silly-putty blend of Tarzan, King Kong, Frankenstein, and Mr. Hyde—is a masterful video artifact I

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find wholly irresistible. Unlike Wonder Woman and Spider-Man, the Hulk really seems to have sprung straight from the pages of a comic book, complete with bam! pow! varoom!

Wisely, the Incredible Hulk is mute—or more accurately, merely growls; a single spoken syllable would destroy the illusion. By contrast, Ron Leibman has the glibbest voice on the screen. Leibman, of course, is the star of *Kaz*, a CBS serial that can be seen on Wednesdays from 10 to 11 PM. A prime example of high-minded garbage television, *Kaz* makes a pass at dealing with "serious" themes like political and business corruption. Yet what has built an audience for the show is not its token debunking, but the superb performance of Leibman as Martin Kazinski, an ex-con turned street-smart criminal lawyer.

Lean as a matchstick and cocky as a bantam, Leibman personifies the cool fire of television. Whether he is arguing with his boss (Patrick O'Neal), bantering with his girlfriend (Linda Carlson), or plea-bargaining with a slippery assistant DA, Kaz's controlled, and controlling, presence challenges the viewer to try and switch channels.

For the record, the executive producers of *Mork and Mindy* are Garry K. Marshall and Tony Marshall; *The Incredible Hulk* was developed and produced by Kenneth Johnson; and *Kaz* is a Lorimar Production created by Ron Leibman and produced by Lee Rich and Marc Merson. On behalf of connoisseurs of top-quality trash, congratulations to all.

IF I MAY SHIFT gears very abruptly, congratulations are due as well to the Carnegie Commission on the Future of Public Broadcasting for coming through with a solid (401 pages) report that could hasten overdue reforms in noncommercial television and radio. Entitled *A Public Trust*, the document is readable and at points even eloquent (published as a Bantam Extra, it can be purchased for $2.95).

The blue-ribbon Carnegie Commission expresses the fundamental point with admirable clarity:

> The United States is the only Western nation relying so exclusively upon advertising effectiveness as the gatekeeper of its broadcasting activities. The consequences of using the public spectrum primarily for commercial purposes are numerous, and increasingly disturbing. The idea of broadcasting as a force in the public interest, a display case for the best of America's creative arts, a forum of public debate—advancing the democratic conversation and enhancing the public imagination—has receded before the inexorable force of audience maximization.

The commission's judgments and recommendations are particularly significant since public broadcasting got its name and its charter from Congress following an earlier Carnegie Commission report, back in 1967. Carnegie II is chaired by William J. McGill, president of Columbia University, and its 17 panelists include such notables as John Gardner, Walter Heller, Alex Haley, Bill Moyers, and Peggy Charren (who is president of Action for Children's Television, the most estimable of viewer lobbies).

The report argues that if we are to enjoy an effective noncommercial system, we need to reach an annual financing level of $1.2 billion by 1985 for public television and radio (about triple the present spending level). Of this sum, the commission recommends, $590 million should come from the federal government, with the balance deriving from local appropriations, membership contributions, and private donations, so that no single funding source can predominate.

The billion-dollar target is hardly colossal; it actually amounts to $5 for every American per annum, or almost as much as we now pay for a movie ticket. But what is sure to generate controversy is the commission's call for a spectrum-use fee on commercial broadcasters, which would end a giveaway of a public resource—the air—to those who profit from it. The Carnegie projection is that up to $200 million annually could be raised from all users of the airwaves, including users of the citizens' bands. As President McGill remarks, what is good for oil corporations, who pay for the right to drill in the public domain, ought to be good for commercial TV and radio stations.

I confess to a certain pleasure in hearing these arguments pressed by the august Carnegie Commission, since on a number of occasions I have called attention in this space to the indefensible invisible subsidy we have historically given to the broadcasting industry. Political momentum is building to end that subsidy, and high time.

A number of specific Carnegie recommendations for restructuring the public system—such as the proposed creation of a new telecommunications trust and program endowment—deserve to be weighed and debated. But I can see no moral or financial arguments against assisting public broadcasting with revenues derived from the swelling profits of a commercial system chiefly proficient in producing trash. If anything, as *Newsday*'s TV critic Marvin Kitman has argued, that spectrum tax should in justice be made retroactive.

—Karl E. Meyer

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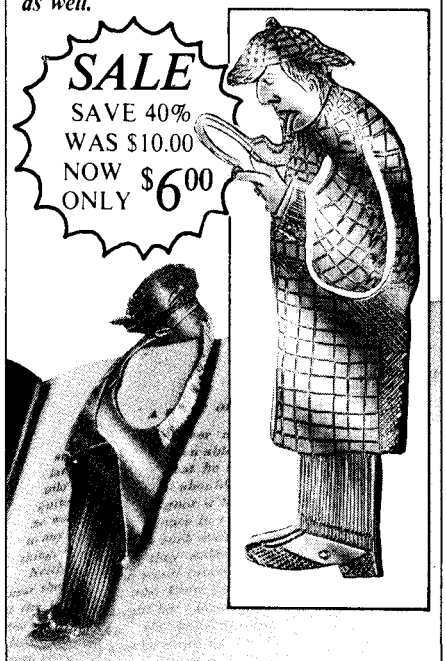

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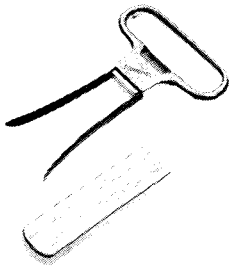
Those of you who occasionally remove a cork (and occasionally leave half in the bottle) will no doubt appreciate the sentiment behind the name of this tool. When you use it for the first time, you can immediately imagine the warm satisfaction that must have led the designer to gasp "ah so" upon his discovery of the principle. Insert the longer blade between the cork and the bottle. Push in until the shorter blade can



be inserted on the opposite side. Continue to push with a back-and-forth rocking motion until the tips are past the bottom of the cork, then remove cork by pulling with a rotating motion. You can replace the cork by reversing the procedure.

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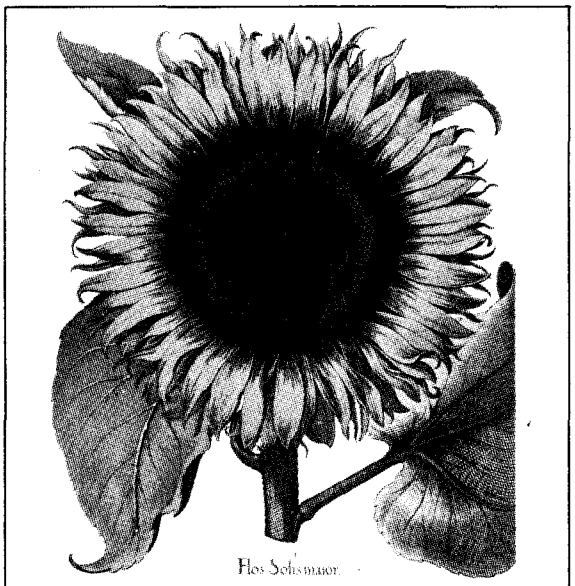


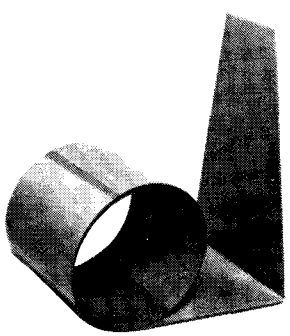
Hortus Eystettensis, Eichstatt, 1613

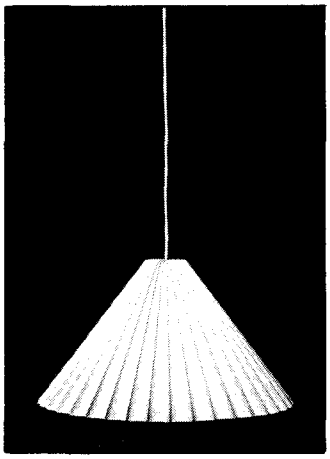
POSTER GARDEN

The New York Botanical Garden faithfully reproduced the giant sunflower from an illustration found in their rare book collection. You will see this 24" by 36" color poster at prices anywhere up to $50 at art shops and frame shops, depending on how expensively it has been framed. We can have the New York Botanical Garden people send you the very same poster for $7.00 postpaid, and you can have it mounted or framed as you see fit. (A-25)

PHYSICS FOR THE BOOKISH

Have you ever wondered why bookends never work? There's a hint in the fact they are called bookends rather than bookholders. Even if you find a pair heavy enough to resist the weight of a number of books, what happens when you remove a couple from the center? Right. The domino theory in action. Well, we've come across a solution that's based more on the enclave theory—and it works. It's called Bookworm from the Pentalic Corp. A spring steel coil on one end pulls the books firmly against the flat endpiece. Take out a book or two and the coil rolls up smoothly, keeping the others in place just as securely as before. Simple. Bookworm costs $9.50 postpaid. Specify white, black, red, or blue. (A-6)





GETTING A LOT FROM A LITTLE

When you open the Pleat Lamp box, you immediately wonder what's missing: there don't seem to be enough pieces there to make an eyeshade much less a lamp. But that's part of the beauty—it's just about impossible to make a mistake putting it together. A mere 3 minutes of assembling will give you one of the most dramatic and graceful hanging lights we've seen. The lamp is styled in a way that makes it equally at home surrounded by heavy wooden furniture or chrome and glass. This is a design that is neither fancy nor plain, just *right*. The 22" heavy pleated paper shade has the look and feel of linen. It is durable enough to wear well and survive cleaning. We can send the Pleat Lamp with a 15' cord for $30. The light bulb is up to you. A-20

Vagaries of Weather. The following item is from *Scientific American*, 2/21/1891: "A puzzling phenomenon has been noted frequently in some parts of Valley Bend district, Randolph County, Va., this winter. The crust of the snow has been covered two or three times with worms, resembling ordinary cutworms. Where they come from, unless they fall with the snow, is inexplicable. The snow is two feet deep, and the crust is too strong for them to have come up out of the ground. A square foot of snow can scarcely be found without a dozen of these worms on it."

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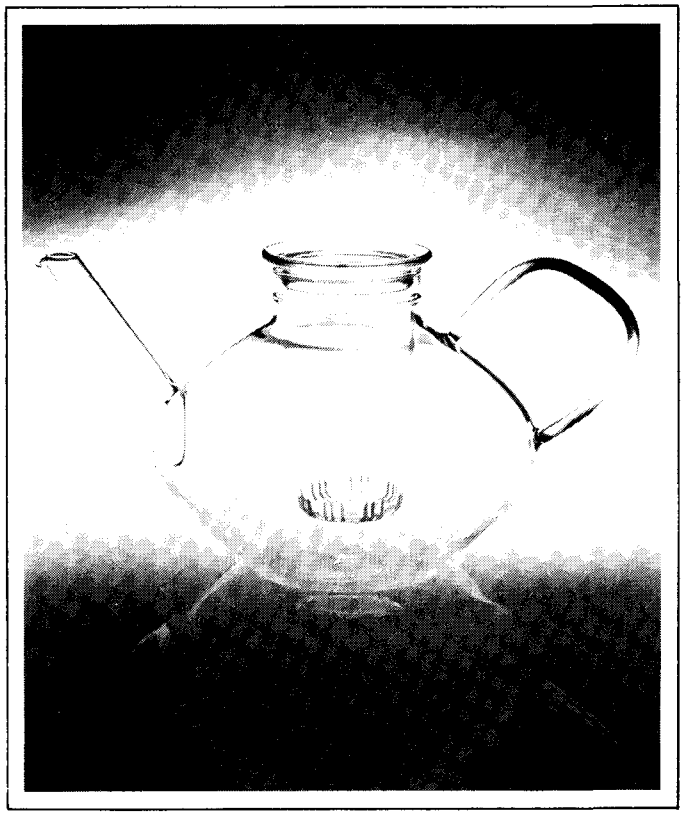
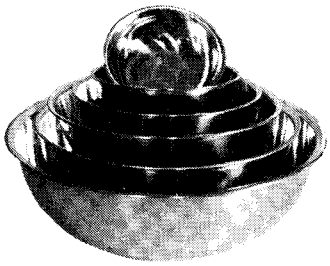
A FLOCK OF NESTING BOWLS

As any cook knows, it's impossible to have too many bowls. This set of six heavy-gauge polished stainless steel bowls is the neatest, most useful we've seen in some time. The sizes are nicely graduated: ¾ qt., 1½ qt., 3 qt., 5 qt., 8 qt., and a 13 qt. giant that is big enough to bathe the baby in. The sizes work so well together we're always finding uses for two at once, like putting a smaller one with vichysoisse in a larger one with ice. Six is itself a luxury—most sets stop at four or five. The bowls have nice heft and won't dent easily. They give a good lip or rim to grip with your fingers, a feature missing from surprising numbers of so-called mixing bowls. These are certainly handsome enough to use for serving. Together they will do you from soup to salad and beyond. We can send the set for $28. (A-23)





Chinese Fast Food. According to the Chinese News Agency, at a recent tradesmen's tournament, it took master chefs exactly 2 minutes, 4 seconds to transform live squawking chickens into a finished Szechuan dish called Cubed Palace Jewels.

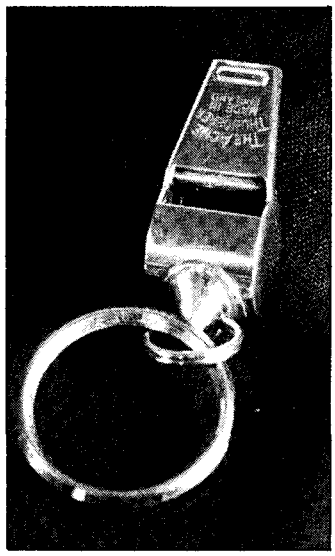
SEEING THROUGH TO THE TEA

Tea can soothe the nerves, quiet an upset stomach, cleanse your skin, even dye your ribbons. Its aroma is very subtle; not until you take your first sip can you appreciate the special fragrance of the Darjeeling, China Black, oo-long, or tisane. And the full flavor of the tea can't be brought out unless the water is boiling furiously and the tea is steeped properly.

The Museum of Modern Art liked this teapot's appearance so much that it's been placed in their Permanent Design Collection. The Teapot, made out of strong, thin glass, is pure joy in its shape and simplicity. Tea leaves go into a glass cylinder with slits in the bottom. When the hot water is poured through the leaves and into the pot, an amber cloud spreads slowly through the water until it reaches a consistent color and you know the tea is ready to drink. The problem with most teapots is that the leaves stay in, making the second cup too strong. With this pot, you stop the brewing instantly by simply removing the cylinder. The Jena teapot is $32.50 postpaid. (A-4)

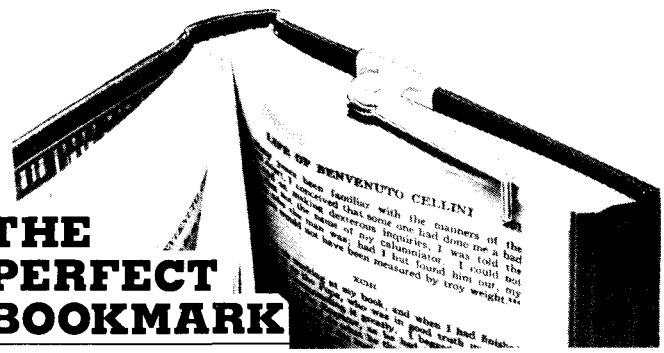
WHISTLE BLOWING

The human whistle no longer suffices to penetrate the din of modern existence. For help in this limiting circumstance, you can turn to the Thunderer whistle, a polished brass beauty made in England. Its shrill call restores your ability to reach the kids down the block or to hail cabbies. Not to mention that whistle blowing is satisfying activity. If you don't believe it, go someplace where you are alone and blow as hard as you can until you're out of breath. It's cheap therapy. The Thunderer comes on a matching brass key-ring for $3.50 postpaid. (A-22)



Sinking Presidential Prestige. The White House, built on what was once a swamp, has sunk a quarter of an inch in the last 30 years. The Washington Monument is going down just as fast. At this rate it will disappear from sight in the year 113,053.

THE PERFECT BOOKMARK



The world probably doesn't need a perfect bookmark; but we thought you'd enjoy learning about some ingenious soul's efforts to improve on the dog-eared page or piece of paper inserted between pages. Actually, the bookmark is very helpful because it keeps the right-hand pages of the book in place as you read. A hidden spring mechanism slips over the cover of a book and its lever arm presses against each page as you read it. All this technology will only cost you $4.00 postpaid. (A-5)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Russians Are Coming ... and Going

AMONG EVENTS of more than casual interest on the summer music schedule is a complete cycle of Mahler symphonies at Ravinia, the off-season home of the Chicago Symphony. James Levine will conduct Deryck Cook's version of the incomplete Tenth, and Russian-born Kirill Kondrashin will make an appearance to direct the First.

Note that this is an "appearance," not a debut. That occurred in 1966, when Kondrashin was a participant in the cultural exchange then in vogue. As in 1958, when he made his American debut in the historic Carnegie Hall concert that followed pianist Van Cliburn's success in Moscow, Kondrashin was one of "their" Russians. Now he has joined the growing group of defectors who may be described as "our" Russians.

The breakdown, however, is not as simple as that. With the passage of time, performing artists of Russian birth in the West have multiplied not only in number but in specification.

Is Vladimir Spivakov, a young, excellent violinist who recently appeared with the New York Philharmonic and other leading American orchestras, a resident of the USSR or of Italy? Is Mark Zeltser, first-class pianist and specialist in Tchaikovsky, going back home, after his tour, to Milan or Moldavia? When pianist Yuri Egorov returns from the honors he recently won in America, will the crowds cheer him at the airport of Leningrad or of Amsterdam?

The distinctions may be quickly spelled out. Spivakov, like Leonid Kogan, whose place he may one day take as premier violinist in his native land, lives in Moscow. Zeltser is among a growing number of musicians who have emigrated legally from the USSR. Egorov is one of those whose decision to defect (in 1976) caused pain at home and pleasure abroad.

All of this makes clear, without question, that travel to the West has been a broadening experience since the first Soviet artist, Emil Gilels, sat down at a piano on the stage of Carnegie Hall in October 1955. The late Sol Hurok, who brought Gilels to the United States, once told me that Gilels had been astonished to find discriminating audiences not merely in New York and Chicago, but "even" in smaller, university towns.

Nor is the "West" exclusively Europe and America. On a visit to Australia in 1973, a friend in Sydney who heard I was visiting Perth, on the Indian Ocean side of the island continent, said: "If you catch up with a ballet troupe from Leningrad, don't miss it. They've got a young male dancer who is fabulous." I didn't. He was.

My report (*SR*, November 6, 1973) was, in all probability, the first mention of Mikhail Baryshnikov in an American periodical. In addition to extolling his abilities, I mentioned that talk of his defection was already being heard. I suggested that he would be better off staying home and maturing, rather than coming West to be another Nureyev. He didn't and, fortunately (since he walked out in Canada in 1974), he hasn't.

Rostropovich hopes to become a millionaire, while Berman, in Russia, gets $275 per recording.

Such people as Kondrashin, Nureyev, Baryshnikov, and Natalia Makarova—to mention those who first come to mind—have the tools, the background, and the stamina to risk the consequences of their decision. A person long versed in the subject points out that none of them is Jewish—meaning that their opportunity to migrate legally is foreclosed. A notable exception is the great pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, a Jew who defected. But that decision dates to the mid-Sixties, and involved laws related to his marriage to a citizen of Iceland.

There is another stratum of musicians among "our" Russians whose experiences have been less than fulfilling. It may, indeed, cause them to regret a choice that involved a long wait, a painful separation from lifelong friends, and a new start in a not wholly hospitable world.

I am thinking of older émigrés from the Soviet Union. Some, in their forties, have come West with the conviction that their ability would earn them greater recognition in America than they would enjoy in the USSR. Two whom I have heard in New York are violinists, another is a conductor.

One, a woman, is a very good violinist, in her mid-forties, with a rather light, wiry tone and more scholarship than personality. In a performance of the "Chaconne" in Bach's Unaccompanied Partita in D minor, she suffered the accident that all violinists and cellists abhor: A string broke in midphrase. She calmly walked off, repaired the damage, and with true professionalism launched into the "Chaconne" again, playing it staunchly through to the end. Her biography stated that in the Soviet Union she had been a highly regarded teacher and soloist. With all charity, I couldn't see as much opportunity for her here in America.

Another violinist, fortyish, and a master of his instrument, played a conventional program in a conventionally expert manner. I think he would make an excellent concertmaster for one of the less prominent American orchestras. He has higher aspirations, I am told, including an aversion to playing in "second-class halls" (meaning Alice Tully rather than Carnegie). In my view, he is not professionally realistic.

Is this hardness of heart or lack of compassion for the sufferings such people have undergone to leave a life behind and undertake a new one elsewhere? Hardly. It is, rather, an expression of hope that an awareness of the extraordinary standards and competitive realities of American musical life be more generally understood.

I have heard it said that Mstislav Rostropovitch, who constitutes not only a musical, but a political, category of his own (being neither an émigré, a defector, nor a current Soviet citizen) is looking to become a good old-fashioned millionaire from his base as music director of Washington's National Symphony. At the rate of a third of a million as a cellist, a third as a conductor, and a third from recordings, that is attainable in a capitalist society.

On the other hand, the sensationally successful Soviet pianist Lazar Berman receives $275 for making a recording. All the rest goes to an agency back home in the USSR. It cannot fail to give a man cause to think.

—Irving Kolodin

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SOMETHING DIDN'T HAPPEN

by Morris Dickstein

Good as Gold
by Joseph Heller
Simon & Schuster, 477 pp., $12.95

MELINDA KINGSLEY

IN THE EARLY Sixties, during the vogue of the Jewish-American novel, when ethnic material was "in" and imitations of Bellow, Malamud, and Roth were beginning to dot the literary landscape, I heard of a minor novelist who had begun in desperation to do anthropological fieldwork. He haunted family weddings and bar mitzvahs to pump distant cousins for jokes and reminiscences. His conversation, once reasonably acculturated, took a precipitous slide into New York street talk, laced with vulgar or bogus Yiddish phrases no authentic greenhorn would ever have used.

Today the fashion for both ethnic and confessional novels has largely passed, but, by a curious time lag, third-rate Jewish novels still abound, books with no intrinsic connection to Jewish life or sensibility. Joseph Heller's first explicitly Jewish novel, *Good as Gold,* shows 20 times more talent than any of these, but it gnaws surprisingly on bones other writers have thoroughly chewed over. Heller has a distinctive imagination, a feeling for absurdity that struck a responsive chord in the mind of a whole generation, a gift for farce and satire so frenetically accurate it makes us howl. But for long parts of *Good as Gold* he keeps those talents under wraps. The book feels cobbled together; its plot lacks conviction. The big Jewish family scenes are too realistic, yet subtly off-key; and the pages sprinkled with Yiddishisms are out of keeping with the tone of the rest of the book.

At the beginning of the novel Heller's protagonist, Bruce Gold, a 48-year-old English professor with political ambitions, makes a deal for good money to do a quick book on the "Jewish experience in America." He feels remote from the subject, but it looks easy, since in a sense he has lived it. "He could toss it off swiftly once he had his material," he imagines. "Jews were a cinch. It was good as gold." He dreams of writing a best-seller, making a killing, but finds the going rougher than he expected. Gold tries to do research among his boyhood idols from Coney Island, who had always shunned him for his braininess. "I'm supposed to write about the Jewish experience," he complains to them, "and I'm not sure I ever had one. I have to make up a lot."

Gold's book within a book, written for hard cash, in some sense is the very book we read, *Good as Gold,* which is in part about selling out. On the basis of the novel's commercial prospects, Heller is said to have demanded a million dollars, scarcely exorbitant today, and left his previous publisher when he didn't get it. It's obvious that Heller wrote *Good as Gold* more quickly than either *Catch-22* (1961) or *Something Happened* (1974). If he used up his military experience in the first book and his corporate experience in the second, why not his Jewish experience this time, meager as it may have been? After all, a writer has only so much capital.

In any case the wisecracking voice we hear in *Good as Gold* is familiar from the two earlier novels, and uniquely Heller's own, however threadbare the material. Though the people in those books were deliberately *not* Jewish, their cast of mind bore unmistakable

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traces of the post-Kafka Jewish literary sensibility: nervous, agile, hilarious, paranoid, fatalistic. Bob Slocum, the "hero" of *Something Happened,* shows signs of the Jewish imagination of disaster, the bad habit of taking the whole world's troubles personally:

> I've got anxiety; I suppress hysteria. I've got politics on my mind, summer race riots, drugs, violence, and teen-age sex. There are perverts and deviates everywhere who might corrupt or strangle any one of my children. I've got crime in my streets. I've got old age to face.

This genuinely Jewish strain in Heller's writing is why an actor like Alan Arkin had to play Yossarian in the film version of *Catch-22,* and why the Jewish subject of *Good as Gold* is neither alien terrain for Heller nor simply material for a potboiler about Jews and politics. *Good as Gold* differs from his previous books in its *Portnoy*-like looseness, its loss of rigor and precision: It's full of topical material and separate joke-routines, which the casual plot does little to knit together. Only the most obtuse reader could have taken the earlier novels for joke books about the army or the company, though they contained many screamingly funny lines. Heller's comedy was edged with horror—think of the soldier in white in *Catch-22,* whose "life" has been reduced to an interchange of fluids. Heller's humor had a way of setting a trap for the reader, making him pay for his laughter in hard emotional coin, bringing him face to face with bleakness, emptiness, desolation.

In his first two novels Heller seemed radically gripped by his material, exorcising his obsessions by working them into the form and language. This scarcely happens in *Good as Gold.* Heller's literary genius showed itself especially in a certain rhythm, a subtle but needling texture of repetition which is simply absent from the new novel. *Catch-22* took shape not in chronological sequence but around the unfolding mystery of the death of Snowden, the catch of Catch-22 itself, the raising of the bombing missions, and a hundred other intricately developed leitmotivs. In the next book Bob Slocum's mind pirouettes endlessly around a hollow core of old experiences, like tics of consciousness. Mostly they are things that did not happen, like Virginia, the girl he never screwed, or the speech he never gave at the last company convention; or things that horrify him, such as Derek, his retarded child, or Martha, the girl in his office who is slowly going crazy.

Like Beckett and Pinter, Heller at his best knows how to make the trivial feel ominous through reiteration. This web of repetition makes the first 100 pages of *Something Happened* particularly brilliant; it locks us like helpless prisoners into Slocum's petty mind, and stirs up a terrific swirl of verbal energy that is not zany and explosive as in *Catch-22,* but burrowing, sinuous, and relentless. Slocum is all of us at our most grasping, selfish, and devious; but by confining us to his mean viewpoint for 592 pages, the book finally becomes as hollow and unbearable as its protagonist. The point about *Something Happened* is that hardly anything does. No one could accuse Heller of trying to be ingratiating.

Good as Gold picks up neither the bleakness of *Something Happened* nor the burning intensity of its writing; but it does borrow some of the negative qualities of its hero, its theme of middle-aged compromise and disappointment. Like Bob Slocum, Gold is selfish, manipulative, adulterous, remote from his wife, hostile or indifferent to his children, vain, and ambitious. But *Good as Gold* has a political dimension missing from the narrow gray-flannel world of the previous book. Slocum merely wants a promotion; Gold wants to be Secretary of State.

Heller arraigns a part of himself in his stinging indictment of Bruce Gold.

Heller intends him to be a devastating caricature of a neoconservative intellectual—not Kissinger, as advance rumor had it, but a sort of Jewish Moynihan. Once a believer in human betterment, Gold is now an apostle of benign neglect. He writes articles with titles like "Nothing Succeeds as Planned" and "Every Change Is for the Worse," which attract the attention of the President, who finds in them "just the excuse he needs for not doing anything." Gold publishes them in a *Commentary*-like magazine edited by a boyhood friend, Lieberman, who is as grubby and comically repulsive as any character in contemporary fiction. "All through college Lieberman's dearest wish for the future had been to manage a small, intellectual magazine. Now he had his magazine, and it wasn't enough. Envy, ambition, and dejection were still ravaging what few invisible good qualities he might have been born with."

Heller develops the links between Gold's politics and personality with great care. Gold instinctively practices his social views on his own family, withdrawing frequently "into the citadel of noninterference he automatically chose whenever threatened by the encroaching personal problems of others." Yet we sense a good deal of Heller in Bruce Gold. In all Heller's books there's a distinct strain of misanthropy, a cool detachment from the human comedy, a sweeping cynicism about people's goals and motives. As a comic artist he makes the most of his Swiftian sense of the ridiculous, but for Heller, as for Swift, the satire devolves easily into the saturnine. At moments I'm reminded of Edmund Wilson's comment on the work of his friend Dos Passos: "His disapproval of capitalist society seems to imply a distaste for all the beings who go to compose it."

To his own great credit Heller is sufficiently alarmed by his own cynicism to attribute it to far from admirable characters like Slocum and Gold, who are the moral monsters of the novels they dominate. "All his words had a starkly humanitarian cast;" Heller says of Gold, "yet he no longer liked people." To Heller neoconservatism is a politics of middle-aged disenchantment, social and political climbing (especially by Jewish outsiders), and heartless self-seeking. Gold "was losing his taste for mankind. There was not much he did like. He liked goods, money, honors." The context shows that Heller shares some of Gold's disenchantment, but he does not approve of it. If Bellow's novels since *Herzog* are idealized portraits of *Angst*-ridden Jewish intellectuals, *Good as Gold* depicts a seamy careerist underside, in which the book's own commercial aspirations are also implicated. Heller arraigns a part of himself in his stinging indictment.

What Heller doesn't consider in his attack on the neoconservatives is that most academics don't demand "goods, money, honors": They will sell out for very little. Besides, the real neoconservatives are mostly not converts or turncoats; they were middle-aged in their politics when still quite young. Heller's cynicism is unfair, for many of them may be sincere believers in the status quo, honest admirers of big business, the military, gunboat diplomacy, and right-wing governments.

Another satirical butt of *Good as Gold* is Henry Kissinger. Gold is obsessed with him and wants to prove, among other things, that he's not really Jewish. Hoping to write a book that will demolish him, Gold builds up a huge file of clippings, which he shares with us in great detail. Yet another of Heller's targets is the U.S. government, which may or may not be offering Gold a job (shades of Kafka's *Castle*). Gold's many conversations with Ralph Newsome, a friend on the White House staff, are masterpieces of

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surreal double-talk—straight Marx Brothers—just the sort of mad dialogues Heller used in his previous novels to pillory the absurdities of large bureaucratic organizations. It should be clear by this point that *Good as Gold* is not one but several novels jostling each other, without the unifying stylistic and narrative rhythm of *Catch-22* and *Something Happened.* The Jewish family material feels forced and worked up; it's hard to know why Gold, who's such a big shot in the great world, goes to so many large family gatherings where he's always dumped on, and where it's difficult for the reader to tell his five sisters and numerous in-laws apart.

There are odd lapses in the satirical point of view which work to the book's detriment as fiction. The Bruce Gold who scorns Kissinger, not just for his pompous personality and his love of power but for destroying freedom in Chile and decimating Vietnam and Cambodia, is hardly the same character who is himself broadly satirized as a neoconservative trimmer and a worshipper of wealth and status. Heller can't resist using Gold as a vehicle for his own peeves and prejudices, which he spins out with hilarious vehemence and accuracy. The result is a very funny book but a weak and unconvincing novel. *Good as Gold* offers as many belly-laughs as *Catch-22;* there are pages we can barely resist reading aloud, gags we'll want to retell. But it's all too uneven, and when the satire ebbs, in the last 100 pages especially, the book turns slack and plotty, with little of real human interest to hold our attention.

Good as Gold is the closest Heller has come to writing a regular novel, a straight story, but what works best are the wild passages in which he is inimitably himself. These include not only the Kafkaesque exchanges with Ralph Newsome but Gold's dealing with two monstrous old men, his own 82-year-old father and Pugh Biddle Conover, the demented Wasp sire of his new Washington girlfriend. Gold hopes to take advantage of Conover's political influence, but the old man hates Jews and keeps calling him Goldfarb, Goldstein, Finegold, or Goldberg. ("I hope you will not allow an occasional extra syllable from an aging mind to be the cause of any serious misunderstanding between us.") The "esteemed career diplomat" also has strong opinions about hair(!) and hates men who are losing theirs, even if they're not a bit Jewish:

The bracing odor of liniment rising from Conover was metabolized liquor, the gleam of acuity in his penetrating eyes a flame of gifted lunacy. Gold was confronting another old kook. "Your health, you weasel,"

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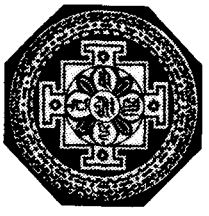

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Conover shouted with vigor, and swallowed deeply. "May all your troubles be little ones. I always knew Dean Rusk would never amount to anything, or Benito Mussolini. Too bald ....

"Bless you, my lad. Never circumcize a bus. They're not Jewish. Arabs wash feet. McGeorge Bundy is the warmest human being I ever met...."

In scenes like this Heller takes leave of the plodding actualities of the conventional novel, for which he has no special genius, and takes on "a flame of gifted lunacy" all his own. Heller's runaway riffs of surreal satire and winged fantasy are as brilliant as ever. But much of *Good as Gold* is too earthbound, too leaden, to really take off. ◉

Morris Dickstein's most recent books are Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties *(Basic) and, as coeditor,* Great Film Directors *(Oxford).*

Living with a Stranger:
A Discourse on the Human Body
by John Stewart Collis
George Braziller, 203 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Henry McDonald

JOHN STEWART COLLIS, an Irishman best known for his book on agriculture and ecology, *The Worm Forgives the Plough* (1975), has organized his new work in the form of a children's book. It is about the way the body works and is divided into seven sections, with names like "We Nourish Ourselves," "We Stand Up," and "We Feel and We Think." It begins with an exemplary man standing in a field, and proceeds to "give" him internal organs, skin, and senses, as well as the abilities to speak, sleep, dream, and (with the help of woman) reproduce himself. The simplicity of its language is striking. An enzyme is defined, without elaboration, as "a substance which causes a change in another substance"; various parts and functions of the body are referred to as "stations," "factories," and "battle lines." Throughout the book we are confronted with the spectacles of cells, nerve fibers, and capillaries stretching from London to New York, from New York to the moon.

But *Living With a Stranger* is not, for all that, a children's book. Or, to put it another way, it is a children's book only in the most profound sense of the word—in the sense of being philosophical. That, anyhow, is the way I'm sure John Stewart Collis would like us to think of his book. It is packed with references to and quotes from Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Hume, Bergson, even Wittgenstein, while the range of literary figures includes Shakespeare, Shaw, Dickens, D.H. Lawrence, Borges, and Blake, to mention only a few. One would be hard pressed to cite a case where the effort to humanize science—to balance the typically mechanistic understanding of human biology with what Collis calls a "poetic" one—has called forth such an impressive and numerous set of names.

Living With a Stranger is thus intended to be read on two levels—an elementary scientific one and a more sophisticated poetic one. Unfortunately, on neither of these levels does it accomplish its purposes. As an instructional text, the book has too many distortions, inaccuracies, and outright absurdities to be trustworthy. Collis thinks that a heart rate of 120 while under stress is "at danger point"; that homosexual behavior is "not found among the animals"; and that women are "physiologically" incapable of "genius." Even the material Collis gets right he covers too quickly, at times perfunctorily, while his intentional omission of illustrations and diagrams (he finds them "distasteful") makes many descriptions, for all his claims to "simplicity," difficult to follow.

As for his numerous references to the great writers, these are mostly superfluous, with only the most superficial connection to the topic under discussion. In the middle of the section on the composition of blood, Collis suddenly quotes a passage from a Thomas Hardy novel that describes a horse bleeding to death. In the section on skin, Collins quotes Satan in the book of Job, saying to God: "Touch his bone and flesh and he will curse thee to thy face." In neither case can we tell what the relevance of the passages might be, aside from the fact that they contain the words "blood" and "bone." Collis is particularly fond of quoting Shakespeare in this manner. For example, passages from Lady Macbeth's sleepwalking scene, in which she cries "Out, damned spot," warrant inclusion in two sections of the book—the one on blood and the one on sleep.

Collis's intention, it seems clear, is to be eccentric and whimsical and, judged from this perspective, perhaps the worst one can accuse him of is *failed* whimsy. But the problem is really deeper than that; it is in Collis's narrow understanding of the nature of scientific knowledge. Throughout the book Collis propounds what he calls a metaphysical and teleological view of nature—one which sees the physical world as inhabited by a disembodied "life force"—and contrasts this view with a mechanistic one that sees man and all other life forms as the product of blind chance and accident. The choice, says Collis, is between "sense" and "senselessness."

What Collis ignores, in framing his argument in these terms, is a good part of the intellectual history of this century. The task of finding an absolute basis of knowledge, either from a position wholly scientific and empirical or one wholly moral and religious, has largely been abandoned in favor of an attempt to understand and evaluate the social and historical context in which such knowledge has arisen. Such a perspective is reflected in a wide range of writers and thinkers. Those who have written on the biological sciences in recent years include Rene Dubos, Paul Weiss, Ivan Illich, and Susan Sontag. Such writers share, if nothing else, the sense that if science is to be humanized, its knowledge must be evaluated, at least in part, from a social, cultural, and even political point of view.

Collis, on the other hand, not only omits any discussion of the social and political role of medicine—his only complaint with doctors is that they are too "modest" about their accomplishments—but automatically assumes that any statement made in the language of physics and chemistry is purely mechanistic and hence ultimately "senseless." "What is oxygen?" he asks, answering immediately, "No one knows...." In fact, however, if Collis were really sincere in wanting to answer this question, he would find out what the atomic theory of matter has to say about it, then attempt to understand this theory in terms of the intellectual history in which it emerged. At least then all those philosophers to whom Collis refers might be put to some use. The ultimate answer to the question, of course, would probably still not be satisfactory and certainly not absolute, but at least one would not be driven to the false dichotomy of a humane, teleological view of nature and a mechanistic, scientific one.

In the preface, Collis explains that the title of his book, *Living With a Stranger*, refers to the disconcerting feeling he has had for so many years about his ignorance of his own body. "I am a person," Collis declares, in a characteristically high-minded fashion, "who knows what he doesn't know." If *Living With a Stranger* is any indication, he has not yet scratched the surface. ◉

Henry McDonald is a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C.

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Books in Brief

King of the Jews
by Leslie Epstein
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan
350 pp., $10.95

LAYLE SILBERT

Leslie Epstein—Stylistic trickster.

FICTIONALIZING the experience of those 160,000 Polish Jews who were first herded into the ghetto of Lodz and later deported to the Nazi death camps, this novel rehearses yet again the question of Jewish "complicity" in Hitler's war against the Jews. In mannered and inflated prose, meant to evoke the narrative voice of Eastern European folklore, *King of the Jews* attempts to represent life inside the ghetto in terms that will fairly bristle with moral meanings and ironies. At the heart of this tendentious enterprise is one I.C. Trumpelman, head of the ghetto's Judenrat, a strutting, half-mad, power-hungry tyrant, and his cohorts on the council—venal, self-pitying, spineless Jews who at best passively acquiesce to the destruction of their fellows, and at worst, actively seek their own aggrandizement through betrayal and chicanery.

Masked by the author's stylistic tricksterism, the realities of ghetto life—the hunger, cold, filth, degradation, terror, and death, as well as the fellow-feeling and heroism—take on an air of pseudomythology. As one reads this book, it is as if 6,000,000 Jews hadn't really suffered and died at a particular time and place at all, but had merely been conjured up by Leslie Epstein as background for his fanciful exploration of the Eternal Enigma of the Jew.

"There is something in history that makes all men act the same!" cries one of the characters toward the novel's close, implying that the "persecuted" and the "persecutor" are as one. Somewhere else, Trumpelman himself exclaims: "This is what a Jew is... .A Jew is a shit like everyone else." It is in the service of this sort of vulgar perversity that the author has felt free to trivialize the Nazi Holocaust.

—JANE LARKIN CRAIN

Descent of Man
by T. Coraghessan Boyle
Atlantic–Little, Brown
219 pp., $9.95

SEVERAL STORIES in this impressive first collection recall a familiar aesthetic point: Beautiful words in artful combinations make even the hideous, obscene, and terrifying a mysteriously beautiful experience for the imagination. In "Drowning," Boyle shows us a vulgar, fat, young male misfit who rapes a tanned, sleeping nude girl on a beach. Boyle's tenderness in recognizing the fully human emotions of both rapist and victim, plus his verbal acuity, make us love even this seemingly repulsive story.

The book's dominant mood, however, is outrageous humor. The title story satirizes a researcher who gives up her human lover and loses herself to her subject, a genius chimpanzee. In "Heart of a Champion," Lassie, the TV dog, is only superficially loyal to Timmy, her little-boy master. She drops Timmy as soon as a horny coyote comes her way.

Boyle parodies Muhammad Ali (and Pavlovian behaviorists) in "The Champ," concerning a world-title eating bout reminiscent of John Belushi's face-stuffing in *Animal House*. Even the high moral drama of *Alive!* (a true account of a plane crash in the Andes), which examines the dilemma of cannibalism versus survival, is lampooned in "Green Hell."

There are surreal, darkly serious stories as well. A man's insistent yearning to learn the mysteries of womanhood by becoming one (first psychologically, then surgically) is the theme of "A Woman's Restaurant." Best of all is the absurdist black humor, with loud echoes of Kafka, Pynchon, Sartre, and Ionesco, of "The Big Garage." In this story the protagonist's car breaks down and is towed to a repair shop, which becomes a prison-labyrinth, run by sadistic mechanic-guards. His total dependence on his automobile makes him a slavish extension of his broken machine.

The few dead moments in the book are minor lapses in an otherwise uproariously comic, discomfortingly provocative collection. T. Coraghessan Boyle is a writer to savor and to watch.

—DAVID EMBLIDGE

The Mormon Experience: A History of the Latter-Day Saints
by Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton
Knopf, 416 pp., $15

WHETHER GOD TALKS to the Mormons or not, their belief that He does has shaped their past and will guide their future. With this reasonable thesis, designed to appease skeptics without offending believers, Leonard Arrington, the first professional scholar to be named official church historian, and his assistant narrate portions of that past. Beginning with the young Joseph Smith's visions amid the religious awakening of the 1820s in New York and his translation from purportedly ancient records of the *Book of Mormon*, they follow the fledgling Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (the Mormons' formal name) through the struggles of organization, persecution, and flight to the West, concluding with the assimilation of Mormonism into American culture near the turn of the century in Utah.

Then the narrative yields to thematic treatment of institutional and ideological issues that grew from 19th-century roots into 20th-century preoccupations. The authors give particular attention to the history of the family as the cornerstone of Mormon life—including the clouded origins and ill-fated career of polygamy—and the unending conflict between the desire for worldly acceptance and the need to preserve a unique and independent cultural identity.

To their credit, the authors examine such issues within the secular contexts of political, economic, and institutional need, setting divine revelation aside, and do not shrink from the controversial. But unfortunately, if understandably, they grow noticeably discreet when touching upon present-day conditions and even succumb occasionally to ideological bias, as, for instance, when they blink away the Mormon patriarchy and say, "Women work within the church on an equal basis with men." If *The Mormon Experience* is not a critical history, it is nevertheless a remarkably intelligent and open-minded official history, and deserves to be seen as a promising sign of liberality in a proudly conservative and authoritarian institution.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

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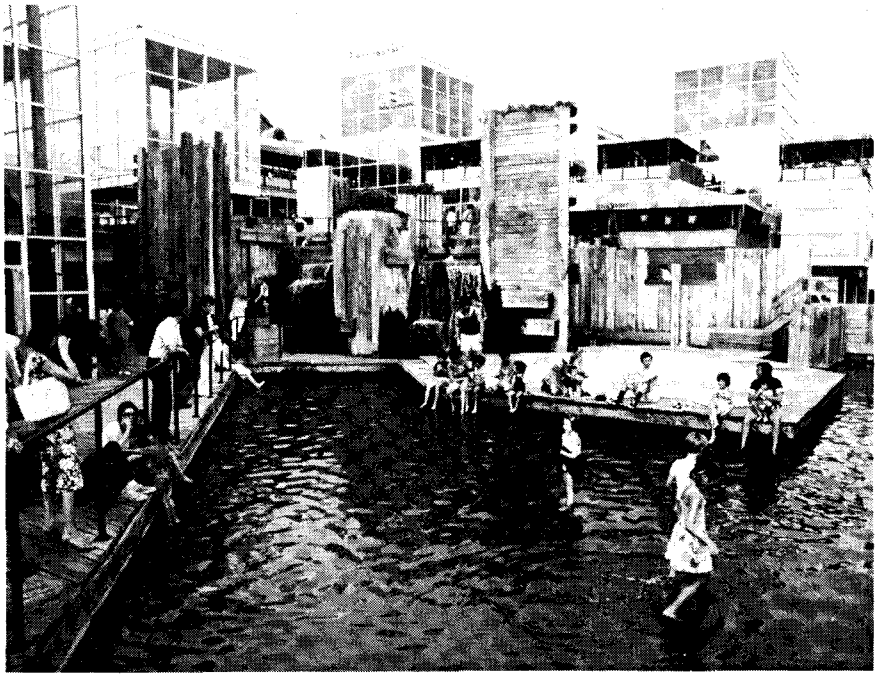
Surprise! It's Philadelphia



Newmarket— "Reborn in 1965, almost 200 years after it first began."

NOW THAT "I Love New York" has transcended the plane of an admission of sentiment, and become a successful civic catchphrase *sans pareil*, other cities have been rushing to concoct epigrams of their own that will fill the hotels and stuff the metropolitan treasuries. This exercise has led to the Big Orange (Los Angeles), I Just Adore Baltimore, Minneapolis: Livable/Lovable, and that self-explanatory zinger, Surprising Philadelphia.

Well, it sure surprised me, when I breached the city limits recently—I, an undergraduate in that settlement back in the Middle Ages when Bookbinder's was the only place to eat and Ben Franklin's toe, on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, was the extremity of an objet d'art that all freshmen had to kiss. I'm not sure whether that rite still exists, but they have certainly dug up a lot more interesting things about Franklin since the days when I was required to believe that he was the patron saint of the city no matter if it was William Penn's statue that perched, perilously, I always thought, atop the dome of City Hall.

What is one to think, going there now and being handed a broadside depicting Diana the Huntress, naked as a jaybird—just as she appears at the Philadelphia Museum of Art—the whole tableau captioned with the line, "Liberty, Luxury and Lobster Soufflé"? One has a right to assume that the Quaker fathers, having discovered other riches in life, have come up with a fetching lifestyle quite apart from the one they originally pursued in the city where one was importuned—if one were going to love anyone—to love one's brother. As it happens, the slogan and scene is the cover of a printed pitch for the new Fairmont Hotel, a 498-room barracks on which $20 million is being spent to transform it from the original cognomen, the Bellevue-Stratford, which was famous among Philadelphians long before the Legionnaires held a convention there and came down with a perplexing and often fatal disease.

Liberty, luxury, and lobster soufflé all would have pleased Franklin, probably in that order, too. A sort of center of Frankliniana exists now at Franklin Court, a clutch of red brick buildings with white shutters that includes a United States Post Office unique among the United States. For one thing, it is open seven days a week. How's that for surprising? For another, it is the only one in which the clerks wear costumes peculiar to Franklin's time. Franklin, of course, was the first U.S. postmaster, which, considering how things are going in that service, may not seem to be a position of such honor. Letters posted there now are stamped, as they are said to have been back in his day, "B. Free Franklin," a bit of droll propaganda which might not have found the funny bone of George III. This post office, at 316 Market Street, is the only one in the nation that does not display the flag, because in 1775 Betsy Ross had not as yet been called upon to stitch one together.

Franklin, as it turns out—or as it turned out to my personal surprise—was not born in Philadelphia but in Boston. A romanticized mural depicts him buying three buns upon his arrival at the age of 17. A comely Deborah Read, whom he was to marry, is standing in a handy doorway. There is the usual collection of dusty relics—his desk, the sedan chair he needed in later years to be transported to the State House, and other bric-a-brac. But far more imaginative is the room set with dozens upon dozens of telephones. A wall directory gives the names of famous people who have said memorable things about Franklin. A visitor is invited to dial given numbers and hear the words spoken. I mean, calling up Balzac, let's say, and listening to him rattle off a few printable phrases about Franklin is an ingenious idea. In my case, I chose to dial Horace Greeley for no other reason than that he maintained a home in the town in which I live. Things being what they are with the telephone company, I got D.H. Lawrence by mistake, who, for reasons of history that evade me, delivered such a testy peroration on the poor man, dead these many years, that I hung up on him. Greeley, when I finally got through to him, was a good deal more charitable, placing Franklin above Washington in the pantheon of colonial giants.

An elaborate mechanical model, with a disappearing stage that would fascinate the set designers at the Folies-Bergères, is a series of maquettes with accompanying audio presentations that variously shows Franklin arguing the inequities of the Stamp Act in Parliament and holding forth with persuasiveness and grace across the

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channel at the French court.

Franklin's print shop, where his grandson, B. Franklin Bache, printed the *Aurora* and *General Advertiser*, has been brought alive again. The other day the bookbindery was working on Captain Bligh's account of the *Bounty* as it was originally published in Philadelphia in 1790. Some 350 copies are being printed and will be sold at $35 each. "I sailed from Otaheite on the 4th of April 1789 having on board 1,015 fine breadfruit plants ...." goes the narrative, a compelling beginning for those who, having seen both Gable and Brando in the films playing the Nordhoff and Hall version (see *SR*, March 17, 1979), may well be fascinated to read the original.

Plenty of excavation has been done about the quarter, resulting in the location of privy pits and water wells. Franklin's house has not been rebuilt, but ghost outlines have been constructed to show where it stood in relation to his other enterprises. It had 10 rooms, including the music room where he parked the armonica, his own invention, which is on view in the museum. Even during the decade he was in London as Pennsylvania's envoy to the Crown, he wrote Deborah constantly, passing along ideas and orders for finishing the house he had begun in 1764 before being dispatched to work for the colonies abroad.

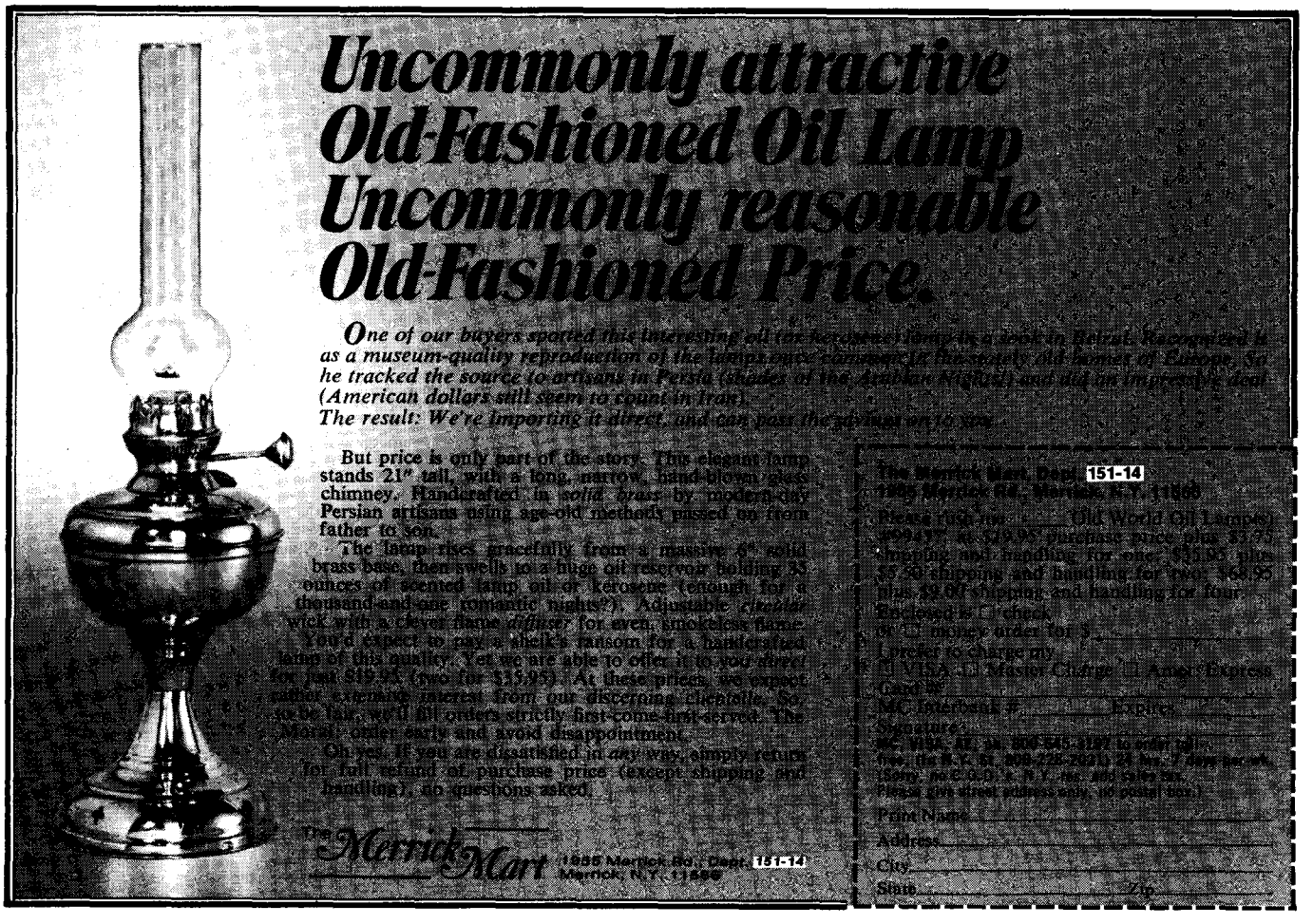
Building houses and restoring them as they were in the 18th and 19th centuries has become a passion in Philadelphia. Whole neighborhoods, notably the Society Hill quarter, have been restored in such a fashion that the sight of a colonial in tricornered hat and knee breeches promenading along the shaded walks would not seem at all out of place.

During the week of May 5 to 12, Philadelphians are having a gigantic open house. Some 115 private homes and landmarks, spread over a variety of neighborhoods, will be opened to public viewing. Tours have been set up, some night, some day, in Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia's collection of Victoriana; Germantown (luncheon included on these tours) on the famous Main Line, the suburb that emerged from the farmlands Penn long ago had divided; on Society Hill; and in Fairmont Park.

With 8,000 acres, Fairmont Park is the largest city park in the world, an existent realization of Penn's concept of a "Greene Countrie Towne." It became stylish, when Philadelphia was the queen city of colonial British America, to build mansions in the park, away from the steaming city. The stately homes flourished well into the period of American independence, but the banks of the Schuylkill River flooded in the 1820s, and when a yellow fever epidemic broke out high society broke and ran. The city bought up the acreage and eight of the houses still exist. Three of them will be opened during the course of a May week trolley-bus tour, which includes a lecture on Philadelphia furniture at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

For anyone able to stoke up a glow of imagination, a visit to Mount Pleasant might prove as memorable as some of those scenes from the *Adams Chronicles*, which ran on public television during Bicentennial Year. Mount Pleasant, with its old brick edging and Palladian windows, is pure Georgian in its symmetry, a leftover from 1761, the very apogee of high Chippendale fashion in America.

It was built by a Scotsman named John Macpherson, whose occupation is listed as privateer, which is another way of saying that he was a legal pirate given to plundering French and Spanish ships. There are some similarities between Mount Pleasant and Independence Hall—the three fish over the fireplace, for instance—and there are those house-watchers who fancy that the same carpenters worked on both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Society Hill— "A colonial in tricornered hat would not seem at all out of place."

places. The house is filled with Philadelphia furniture, self-evident to experts in this arcane field. As a Philadelphia matron said to me as we walked through these digs one day recently, "The ball and claw on the chairs have that typical arthritic look—so stiff in the joints—that is typical of Philadelphia cabinetmakers."

One can muse, while walking the halls, that John Adams dined here in 1775, later logging the evening as follows, "Rode out of town and dined with Mr. Macpherson. He has the most elegant seat in Pensilvania and a clever Scottish wife." Later, Benedict Arnold arranged to buy Mount Pleasant as a wedding gift for Peggy Shippen, but before he could occupy it, he was convicted of treason and fled to England.

Ironically, the house passed to the first superintendent of West Point, the very place Arnold's treachery was intended to deliver. He was Jonathan Williams, an appointee of Jefferson, and a great-nephew of Franklin. His portrait hangs grandly in a stairwell, as well it might: He lived here for 40 years with memories of the Academy.

In 1769 Philadelphia was the second largest English-speaking city in the world, bursting out of its city limits. Those who had come to live on the 20,000 acres which Penn, in an effort to encourage commerce, had allotted to a Free Society of Traders had created a fine community called Society Hill. It was a long way to Market Street (then called High Street), and a tiresome exercise for matrons who had to shop every day. What might be called the first "suburban" shopping center—it *was* suburban then—called New Market, was built near the banks of the Delaware. There the fresh produce from Pennsylvania and New Jersey farms would find easy river access, and so, for that matter, would the exotic goods inbound from the Orient.

Ultimately, as civic tastes are wont to do, the fashion for Society Hill and New Market eroded, and by the 1930s and early 1940s it had all degenerated into a riverside slum. The renaissance began in the late 1940s, aided, perhaps, by the Federal Housing Act of 1944. By the 1950s it became fashionable to restore the old houses. Some were done in original style and others were redone in compatible contemporary. Those who didn't want the responsibility of a house, however quaint, could find shelter in one of I.M. Pei's Society Hill apartment towers with their magnificent views of the Delaware river.

Newmarket, now one word, was reborn in 1965, almost 200 years after it first began. In the fashion of these times, it has, inevitably, a Japanese steak house, a cheese shop, a frozen yogurt store, a health-foods emporium, as well as some decent restaurants, among them Lautrec, Focolare, the Three Mariners, the Head House Inn, Churchill's, and others. The Rusty Scupper provides a view of the river along with the victuals.

Society Hill will be prominent in the May Open House orgy, with houses open on four afternoons, gardens open on May 6, and candlelit evening walking tours on May 6 and 8. The homes unlatched in spring week will include the Barclay House, a traditional townhouse with an untraditional (though formal) Japanese garden; and Grace House, a contemporary pad bright with Marimekko patterns and with Calder originals. It is equipped with an appendage few colonials might have conceived of—an indoor swimming pool embraced by brick and plants.

Philadelphia's historic houses are a one-time event—perhaps to be repeated—but what endures are the hard relics of the nation's birth: Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell Pavilion which faces it across a long mall, and an assortment of buildings and landmarks that collectively comprise Independence National Historical Park. A wanderer afoot in town would do well to check in first at the Visitor Center on Chestnut Street, where a John Huston-directed film provides a dramatic orientation. The federal historians have also outlined six tours according to special interests: architecture, urban renewal, culture, financial, early city, and holy experiment. Penn's Charter of Privileges guaranteed religious freedom; his term for his liberal government was the Holy Experiment. The tour takes in an assortment of churches as well as the Quaker Meeting House, the first African church in the United States (founded by a black minister in 1787), and the Mikveh Israel Cemetery, established in 1738.

Having given the nation liberty, Philadelphia is now promising it luxury. The Fairmont, operated by carpetbaggers from San Francisco, opens in September. The recently redone Warwick is already open, sporting a saloon called Elan which is advertised as a public cafe, albeit with a row of backgammon sets in place, as in a club. It turns into a disco at night. Those who are not members pay a $10 attendance charge after eight PM.

Bookbinder's still exists, although there has been such a turnaround in Brotherly Love eating habits that *Washington Post Magazine* dispatched its restaurant critic northward and last December ran a long dissertation called the New American Cuisine, an article to which it affixed a subhead reading, "Perhaps there are four schools of classic cuisine—French, Chinese, Italian, and Philadelphian." The city has opened 150 new restaurants in the last five years. One traveled Philadelphian insists that Le Bec Fin is better than any French gastronomic exercise now being practiced in New York, the only U.S. French restaurant as good as the best in France. When they say Surprising Philadelphia around here, they aren't just whistling "Dixie."

—Horace Sutton

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OH! CUISINE

To the Tables Down at Guernsey

IT IS A question whether gourmets of the ancient world would have had much time for the island of Guernsey, even supposing that they had heard of it. To be sure, it had fish. It had shellfish. It even had a shellfish, the ormer, which was peculiar to the island. Its soil, however, was poor and its crops were scanty. The one thing it had in abundance was seaweed, lacking in those days its modern dressing of diesel oil. For centuries Guernseymen used seaweed as a fertilizer, creating the lush meadows in which the Guernsey breed of cattle would produce the rich milk that turns so readily into Guernsey cream. This made a beginning and the Guernseymen, after pondering the matter for a few more centuries, saw a way to grow grapes under glass. Later in history most of the growers decided to grow tomatoes instead, in what they still call vineries, and the Guernsey Tom is now the island's principal crop. So the gourmets of today, looking at the island anew will think, first of all, of fish, shellfish, tomatoes, grapes, and cream. They now have to take the island seriously.

When about to purchase an oil painting, the collector will always ask "Is it of the painter's best period?" In the same way we should ask of a locality, "When was it at its best?" Now Guernsey reached its peak of interest during the French Revolution and the wars which followed, when Sir John Doyle was lieutenant governor of the island. It then became a refuge for French aristocrats, who enriched its social life and necessitated the opening of a theater. It also became a busy center for espionage, for smuggling, for naval activity and military defense. It produced its chief hero, Admiral Lord de Saumarez, and its most ambitious program of public works. Nor can it be doubted that Guernsey then fell under the influence of French cooking.

That the menu has everywhere to be in French is the result, of course, of the French Revolution. The chefs de cuisine in noble French households were all out of work and hastened, therefore, to set up the restaurants in Paris which remain that city's attraction for the gourmet. They registered their awareness of the new regime by naming one dish Homard (lobster) Thermidor after a month in the republican calendar. Guernsey would not accept French influence beyond a certain point because Guernseymen were many of them Methodists, and the French, as they could not fail to deplore, were either atheists or Catholics. But they did accept the idea that cooking is (or, anyway, can be) an art rather than a dull necessity.

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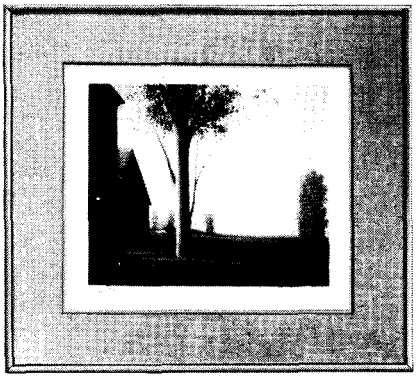

April Shadows by Robert Kipniss

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So the gourmets of today, as represented by the author of this article, with family and friends, to the number of six in all, decided to base a dinner of celebration on what we can call Guernsey's best period. A very little research established the fact that Sir John Doyle moved into a house in the island's capital, St. Peter Port, in 1796. This became Government House, its windows commanding a view of the harbor and also of Castle Cornet, the island fortress in which the governors of an earlier period lived. An accidental explosion of gunpowder, which blew the roof off, had modified its attractiveness as a residence, but it retained at this period its menacing batteries, and has to this day its flag and the daily bang of the noon gun.

A later governor decided to live in the country, and Old Government House (as Sir John's residence now became) has been a hotel since 1858; all but an odd corner of it, which remained until recently the office from which the more intrepid islanders obtained their passports before venturing into foreign parts where people drive on the wrong side of the road. The O.G.H. is a four-star hotel and the best tables in the restaurant command a view of the sea, the adjacent islands, and the old fortress, Castle Cornet, floodlit after dark.

Having secured the best table, we held a summit meeting at which to discuss the menu, our care being to ensure that it was not so much exotic as appropriate to the setting. At one point our efforts failed. An item on the menu was to have been heart of Guernsey artichokes with foie gras sauce, but it was too late in the season and artichokes were not to be had. Otherwise the operation proceeded according to plan, the party assembling at the table at 7:30 to have a champagne cocktail before dinner was served at 7:45.

We began with chilled Guernsey melon, each individual melon hollowed out and improved before its cap was replaced. Instead of the artichokes we had potted hare with a Cumberland sauce: gastronomically an improvement, but at a small sacrifice of local color. There followed the soup, which represented a really brilliant idea. It was a hot cucumber-and-tomato soup with Guernsey cream, unusual and quite delicious. With these three courses went a suitable white wine, Puligny-Montrachet, which we drank to the memory of Sir John Doyle, who stood so nobly between the island and Napoleon, saving us for so long from all the obsolete horrors of the decimal system.

At this midway point in the dinner came a simple *sorbet citron*, intended to cleanse the palate and allow pause, as it were, for thought. This pause might be compared with the intermission in a motion picture—a period for reflection and ice cream, with assurance that the climax of the plot is still to come. We now switched to another wine, Muscadet Cuvée du Chardonnay, which helped to create a more serious state of mind. After this interval there arrived the Guernsey Lobster Thermidor, shown to us first on an enormous dish and greeted with subdued applause. Had this been a rehearsal rather than the actual performance we might have inserted a flourish of trumpets at this point in the libretto. It was too late, however, for these second thoughts, and we each of us now confronted a half lobster cooked in the classic style. The lobster was accompanied by Guernsey potatoes and vegetables.

There are other ways of cooking lobster and André Simon lists them as follows: Homard à l'Armoricaine, Homard au Gratin, Lobster Beaugency, Lobster Chow Min, Lobster Salad, Cold Lobster Soufflé, and Stuffed Lobster. We might be tempted to conclude that lobster might be equally good in each and any one of these different forms. That is, however, a heresy and one which was probably condemned as such by some council of the Church—such as that held at Ephesus in the year 431—but unaccountably omitted from the record. It is a fact that Lobster Thermidor is in a class by itself, owing its supreme flavor to minced onion, cayenne pepper, fresh mushrooms, tomato puree, white sauce, and Parmesan cheese, with the addition of a little dry white wine. But while the ingredients may be known, the result depends upon the genius of the chef.

The occasion described was one on which Mick Sherman clearly excelled himself. All present finally sat back with beatific smiles, feeling decidedly less hungry. They were not called upon for much further effort but dealt nevertheless with Pineapple Gondola, Guernsey mushrooms on toast, a few hot-house grapes and, finally, a cup of coffee. The gourmet dinner was over and it only remained to thank the manager and headwaiter, sending our warmest congratulations to the chef. The O.G.H. is our favorite restaurant, but do not assume that you can have a similar feast by simply walking into the place and asking for it. The whole operation needs to be planned in advance; but the result to be obtained is well worth the effort.

—C. Northcote Parkinson

Mr. Parkinson, the British historian, lives, works and eats on Guernsey, in the Channel Islands.

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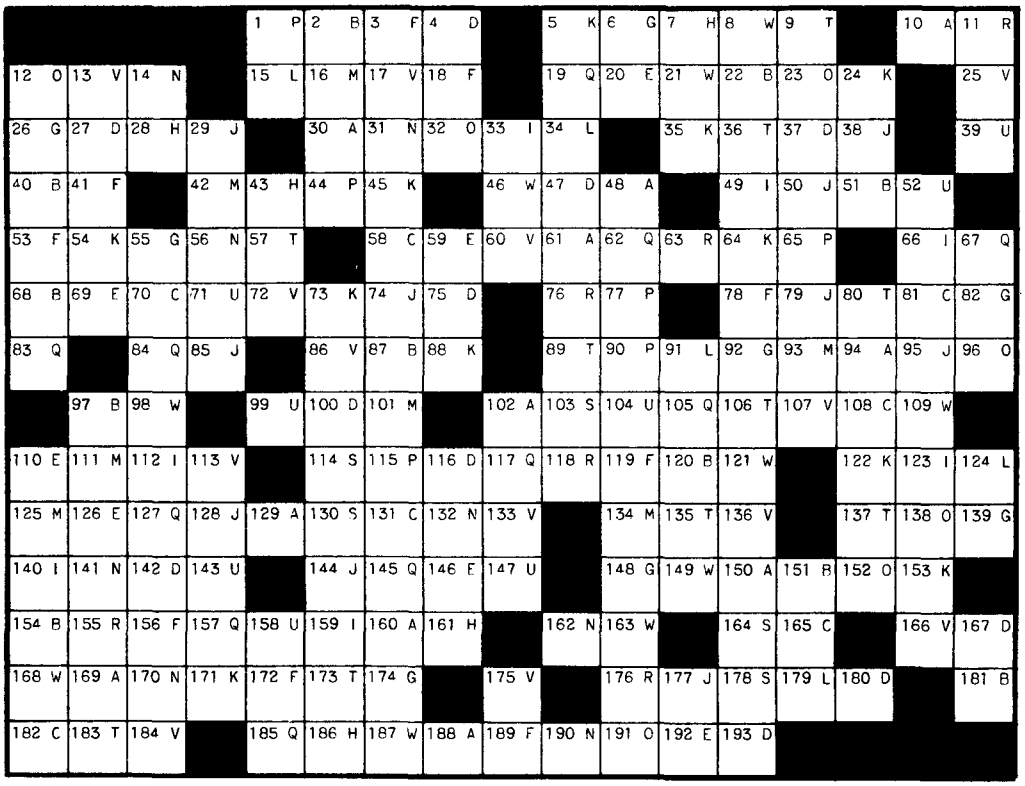
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 168

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 167 appears on page 5.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Forerunners of water-skiers	10 30 48 94 102 129 150 160 169 188 61
B. One devoted to the study of literature in a wide sense	68 87 120 151 2 22 40 51 97 154 181
C. Cross, irritable, fretful	58 70 81 108 131 165 182
D. Ranunculaceous plant also called devil-in-the-bush (comp.)	37 47 142 180 27 75 100 116 167 193 4
E. Officer of a royal household charged with the care of horses	20 126 146 192 69 59 110
F. Being in a state of agitation; disturbed	119 156 18 53 78 172 189 3 41
G. Study of correct pronunciation	55 82 92 148 6 26 139 174
H. 2,600-mile-long river of Africa	28 43 161 186 7
I. Forced or required to rush	49 112 123 140 159 33 66
J. In the first place	74 95 128 29 50 85 177 38 79 144
K. Money; the necessary	5 24 45 64 88 35 73 122 153 171 54
L. Filthy; offensive	91 124 179 34 15
M. Instrument of thought or knowledge	16 93 42 134 101 111 125
N. Serpentine	132 141 170 14 31 56 162 190
O. Coarse grass used as fodder; St. Paul's companion	23 32 138 12 152 191 96
P. Exhaust; go to an extreme	115 44 65 77 1 90
Q. Repositories of supplies	62 157 145 185 67 19 84 127 105 117 83
R. Personification of the fear which possesses armies and causes their defeat	176 155 76 11 63 118
S. Glaringly vivid or sensational	130 178 103 164 114
T. Unseemliness, tastelessness	137 135 57 106 173 36 89 183 80 9
U. "When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, / And dig deep ___ in thy beauty's field" (Shakespeare, "Sonnet II")	158 147 104 39 99 52 143 71
V. "I'm the Prophet of the ___" (2 wds.; Kipling, "Song of the Banjo")	13 86 184 60 107 166 133 175 25 72 17 113 136
W. Herb of the U.S. west coast having purple streaked salmon or salmon-yellow flowers (comp.)	163 8 109 98 168 46 187 21 121 149

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Live versus "Live"

SOME WEEKS AGO, I was privileged to see, on consecutive evenings, Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, given by the Metropolitan Opera; Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti in their first joint recital; and the Long Wharf Theater's production of O'Neill's masterful comedy, *Ah, Wilderness!* My seat for each of these unexceptionable performances was identical: my bed.

Like the motion-picture industry before it, television is maturing beyond its lowbrow youth and beginning to recognize as "entertainment" genres other than slapstick and swashbuckling. While the audience for serious diversions is still dwarfed by the hordes of sci-fi and sit-com fans, the cause of seriousness advances apace, mostly under the banner of PBS, "made possible by" oil giants. "Live From Lincoln Center," "Theater in America," the BBC Shakespeare series, and certain other British imports have become nearly essential viewing for those who seek art to expand their awareness.

Television's new maturity gives reason to cheer. But no gain comes without cost. In the flush of enthusiasm over easy access to the performing arts, it is well to recognize what is being given up, what changes television (and the wonders that will succeed television) might work on modes of expression that have (until now) been left largely untouched by "progress."

Since the first day man danced to appease a god, the performing arts have played a ritualistic role in society. Ancient Greek drama, medieval mystery plays, and their modern successors all serve social purposes, providing occasions for communities to do things collectively. One need only glance at the glittering audience at the Metropolitan Opera's opening night to be reminded that the joys of the theater involve more than what transpires on stage.

Television changes that. The viewing of a broadcast performance, even a "live" performance, is not, despite promoters' hype, an "event" in the same way attending a performance is an event. Having been captured on tape, the event is duplicable, not unique.

Further, the presence of television cameras alters the roles of auditorium, live audience, and performers. All become part of a TV program. Opera singers routinely admit to understating their performances for television, thereby sacrificing the interests of the live audience for those of the "live." While I have yet to witness opera audiences mugging for the camera like those goons at game shows or ball games, I know that they are affected by the presence of cameras. One can no longer simply applaud; one must perform, which most people think means exaggerate. I would venture to say that the increased incidence of standing ovations at televised performances is due as much to audiences' self-consciousness as to their enthusiasm.

Another consequence of the easy availability of "live" performances may one day be a diminution in the number of actual live performances given. A friend who lives across the street from a not uninteresting summer music festival says, "We used to go every week. My husband never much liked it, though. With the videorecorder, I can watch performances superior to those given by the festival in the comfort of our own living room."

By far the most invidious consequence of the bettering of television is also the least avoidable. Television isolates. Although people can watch television together, effectively a viewer's relationship to the screen is one-to-one and one-way. Videorecorders and videodiscs will afford individuals more flexibility in deciding what to watch, and at what pace, but they are not likely to make the television a boon to social intercourse. Indeed, the wider the variety of entertainment "options," the more likely it is that each individual will watch his or her own preferred programs, alone and apart.

Social intercourse requires practice. The arts of conversation, of seeking links, of listening, do not come easily. The performing arts, like the church, athletic events, and other voluntary convocations, have always served as opportunities to experience other human beings. There was a time when intermissions were as welcome as that which they interrupted.

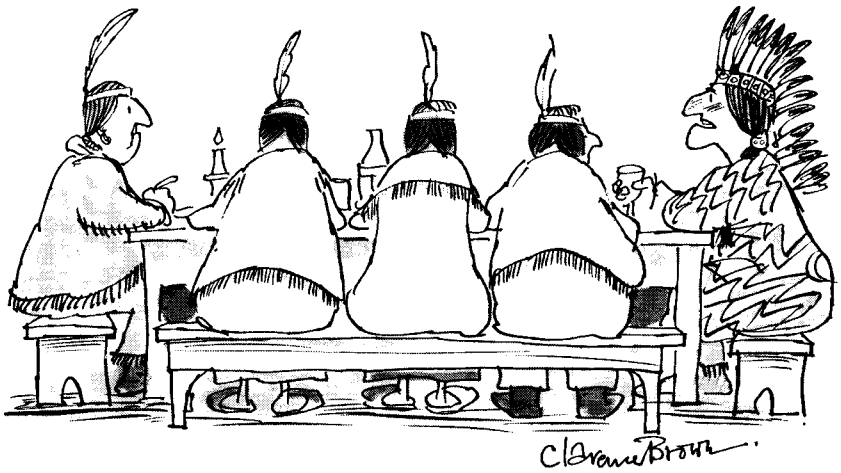
Nowadays, we are not very adept at talking with each other, at gracefully piercing each other's cocoons of shyness. The less practice we have, the less forced contact, the less likely we are to improve. By making the performing arts a commodity that can be consumed abed rather than an event one must attend, television removes yet another occasion to touch other persons.

When television was mostly crummy, it was easy to resist. Now there is too much on television I feel I can't afford to miss too.

Eventually, even gluttons for culture like me will learn to dominate technology rather than vice versa. New groups of all kinds will emerge as people come to realize that relationships with machines, however enlightening, are ultimately sterile.

In the meantime, let us lie back in our isolation and enjoy great productions of the greatest masterpieces, night after night—but not without nostalgia for an era when, if a man said he'd heard Caruso live, you knew what the lucky fellow meant.

—Carll Tucker



"Passamaquoddy, if you don't mind."

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What do you see when you look at a tree?

It depends on your perspective. You might see a source of jobs.

You might see a source of lumber, plywood, paper, packaging—"need" products as opposed to "want" products.

You might see an ideal base for a growth business, a natural resource that, managed properly, renews itself perpetually.

You might see a splendid example of Nature's artistry.

When we look at a tree, we see all these things, and more. We see our life's blood. Much of what we do depends on trees. So we take care of ours.

We strive to manage them in a way that reconciles your perspectives and ours, so they'll provide jobs, products, profits and splendor forever.

If we succeed, everybody wins. You the worker, consumer, investor and citizen. And we the employees and shareholders of Boise Cascade.

Reason enough to try, don't you think?

Boise Cascade Corporation
A company worth looking at.

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Technics

Power. With distortion so low it's inaudible. That's not surprising. It's Technics. Look at the chart. That's Technics too. Surprisingly good performance that comes as no surprise.

Stereo Receivers	Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms from 20Hz-20kHz	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	FM Sensitivity Stereo—50dB*	Phono S/N (10mV IHF A)
SA-1000	330 watts	0.03%	36.2 dBf	97dB
SA-800	125 watts	0.04%	36.2 dBf	95dB
SA-700	100 watts	0.04%	36.2 dBf	95dB
SA-600	70 watts	0.04%	37.2 dBf	90dB
SA-500	55 watts	0.04%	37.2 dBf	90dB

*IHF 75 standard

Of course, you expect the unexpected from Technics, and with Acoustic Control that's just what you get. With the low-boost switch and the bass control, you can add more punch to bass instruments. While the treble high-boost switch brings out the brilliance in both vocals and instrumentals.

Still, Acoustic Control is just one of many reasons to buy a Technics receiver. Clean and stable amplification, even under the most demanding dynamic conditions, is another. Especially since each Technics receiver has direct coupling, conservatively rated power supply capacitors, current mirror loading and single-packaged matched dual transistors.

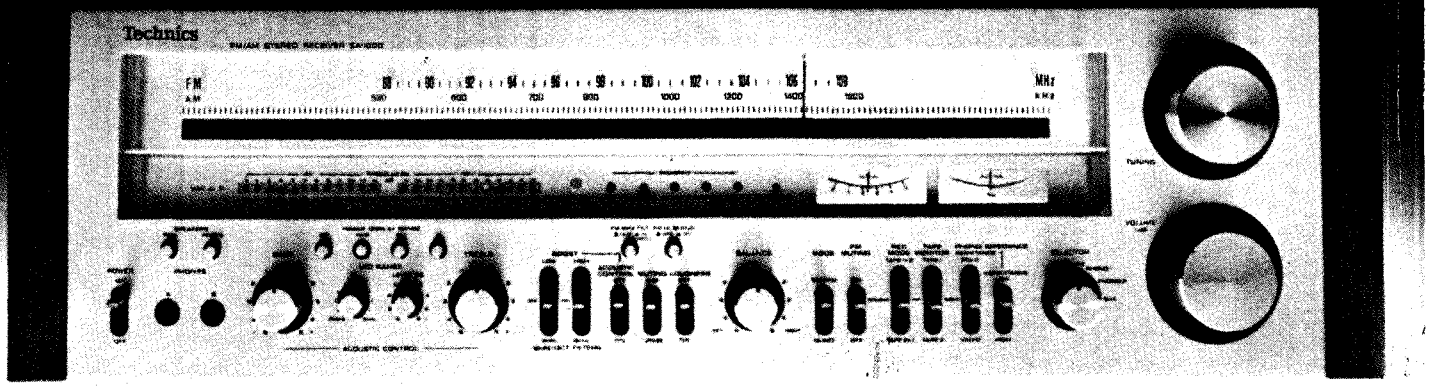
To avoid clipping and maintain dynamic range, you'll want to keep an eye on what your ears can hear. And with our highly accurate power meters, you can. LED's provide peak power indication with extremely fast attack time.

For outstanding performance on FM, even from an overcrowded band or a marginal signal, every Technics receiver has Phase Locked Loop IC's, flat-group delay filters and a frequency response that's both flat and wide.

Audition any of Technics five receivers. If their big power and little distortion don't surprise you, their LED meters and Acoustic Control will.

Cabinetry is simulated woodgrain.

Only 5 receivers combine big power, little distortion, LED meters and Acoustic Control. Technics makes them all.



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